MARVEL

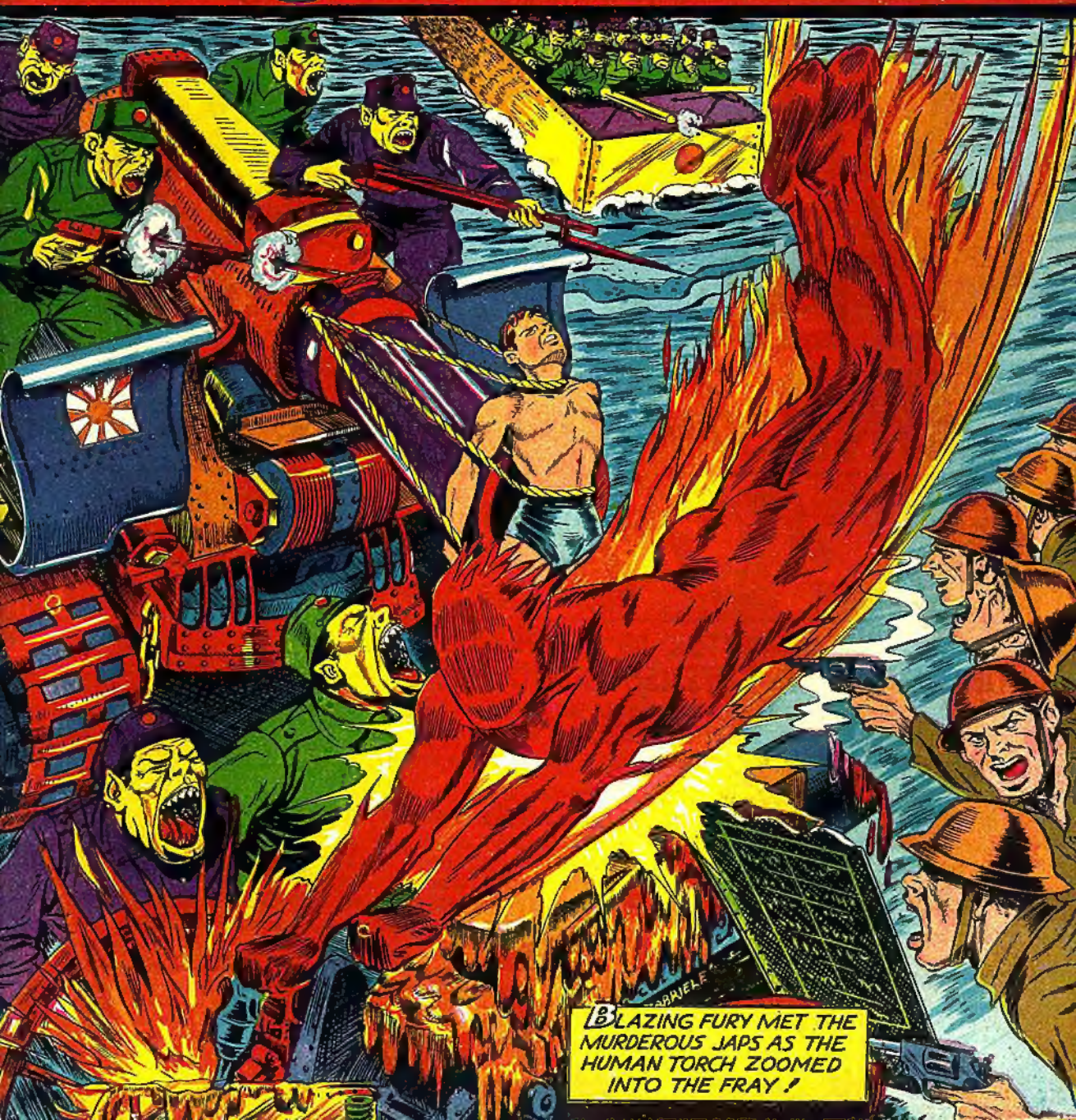
MAY

10¢

NO. 31

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

MYSTERY COMICS



WHAT COULD BE BETTER AS A **PRIZE** THAN A UNITED STATES DEFENSE BOND ? ? ? ?

YOU MIGHT BE THE PROUD ONE TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW YOU HAVE HELPED **UNCLE SAM** -- BY WINNING THAT **U.S. DEFENSE BOND!** WELL, HERE'S HOW YOU CAN WIN IT!

SIT RIGHT DOWN ***NOW!*** -- AND TELL THE EDITOR OF **MARVEL COMICS** WHAT YOU THINK OF **MARVEL** COMIC CHARACTERS AND STORIES -- YOU KNOW -- AN ALL-OUT LETTER SAYING WHAT YOU LIKE AND DON'T LIKE, IN YOUR OWN WORDS. YOUR LETTER SHOULD NOT BE LESS THAN ONE PAGE LONG TO BE CONSIDERED, AND SHOULD HAVE YOUR **NAME AND ADDRESS** ON IT!

All Letters MUST BE IN BY **MAY 15, 1942**

ADDRESS: *The Editor, Marvel Comics,* 330 WEST 42ND ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

NOW! WRITE THAT LETTER!

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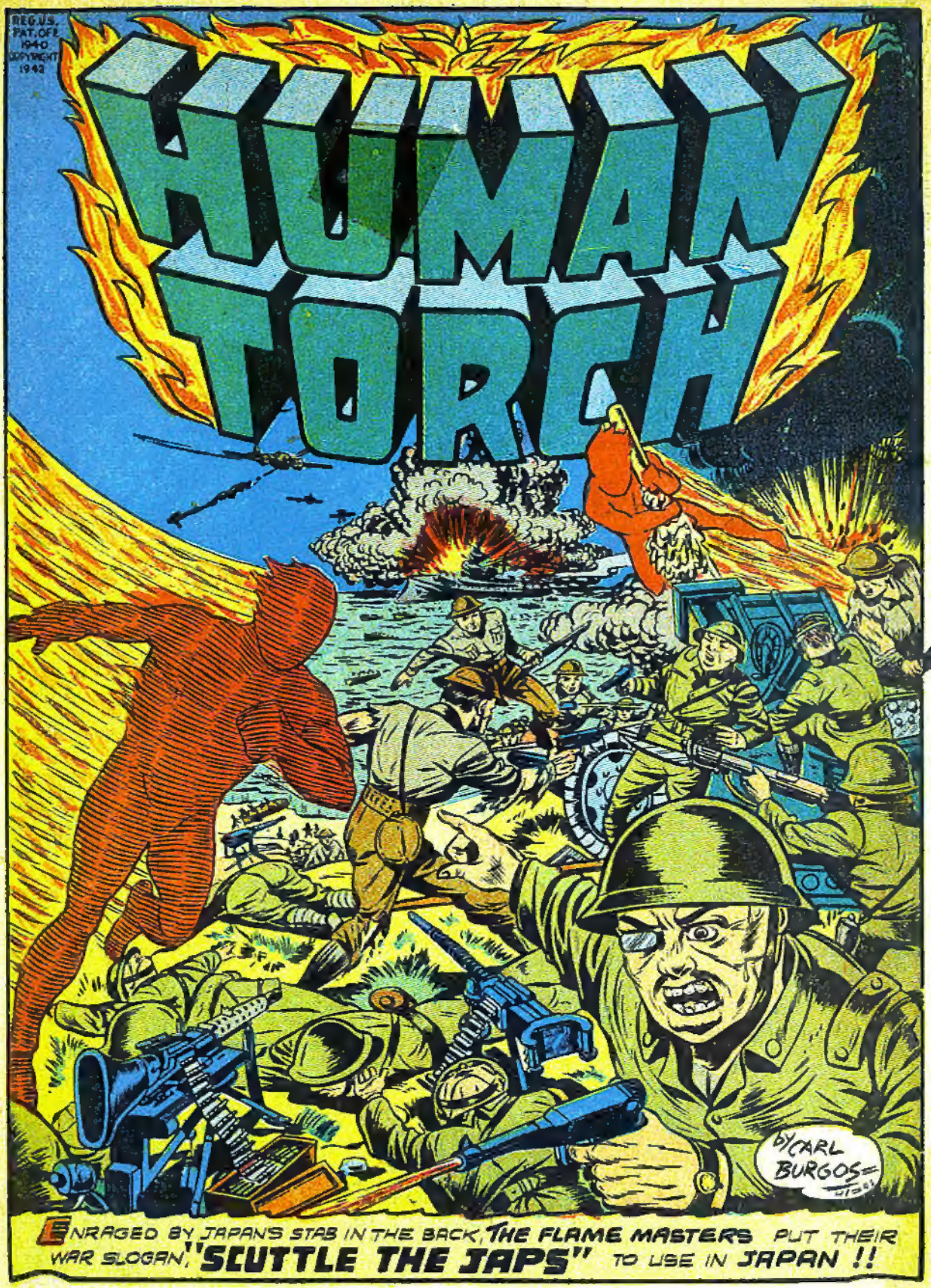
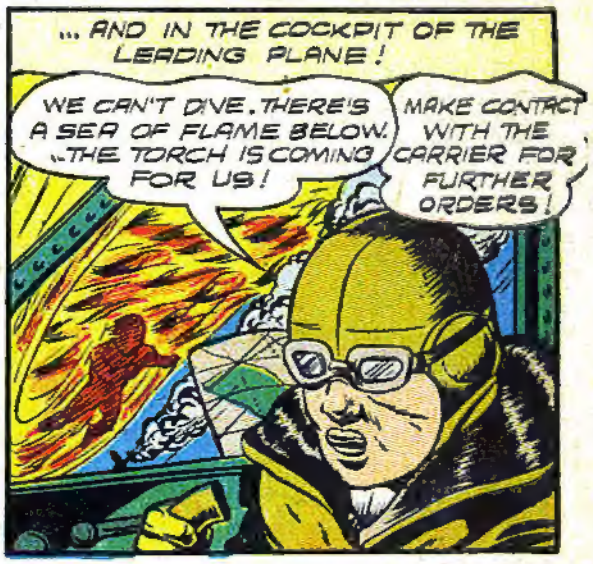

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT 1942
HUMAN TORCH
BY CARL BURGOS
ENRAGED BY JAPAN'S STAB IN THE BACK, THE FLAME MASTERS PUT THEIR WAR SLOGAN, "SCUTTLE THE JAPS" TO USE IN JAPAN !!

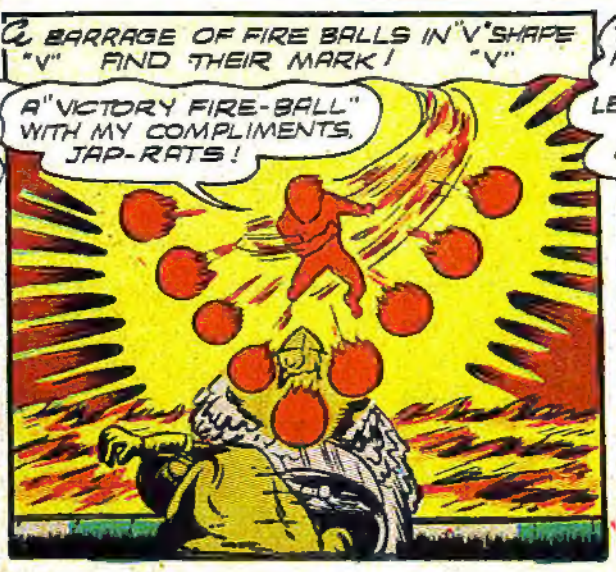
THE INFAMOUS JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR OFFICIALLY PLUNGED OUR NATION INTO WAR...
24 HOURS LATER... IN SAN FRANCISCO!
JAPANESE PLANES HAVE BEEN SIGHTED APPROACHING SAN FRANCISCO!
...AND AT THAT MOMENT... IN THE APARTMENT OF THE TORCH IN NEW YORK.
THE ARMY HAS JUST CONFIRMED THIS NEWS FLASH - THE CITY IS ALMOST IN A COMPLETE BLACKOUT! FLASH! THE JAPS REPORT THE CAPTURE OF A TROOPSHIP FILLED WITH MARINES!
DARN THOSE JAPS! THEY'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!
EVEN IF WE MUST GO TO JAPAN. GET RID OF THOSE STREET CLOTHES. WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION!
THE TORCH WHIRLS AND DIVES FROM THE WINDOW WITH TORO CLOSE BY ALSO AFLAME!
HEY!
SORRY, TORCH! BUT, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME!
WITH SPEED NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED BY MAN, THE TORCH AND TORO WING TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO, SHATTERING ALL OFFICIAL SPEED RECORDS.
WE SHOULD BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
THE HANDS OF TIME SPEED ON!
SUDDENLY!
LOOK! ENEMY PLANES!
C'MON, TORO... TEAR INTO THOSE JAP RATS!

With their battle-cry, "SCUTTLE THE JAPS!" the duo leap at the enemy planes.... instantly, the sky lights up as Jap planes drop to the hard earth.
UH-OH...I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

A sudden back-flip sends the torch under the planes, then with a swish of his arm, a curtain of flame rolls out...
JUST IN CASE THOSE JAPS DECIDE TO DROP BOMBS!

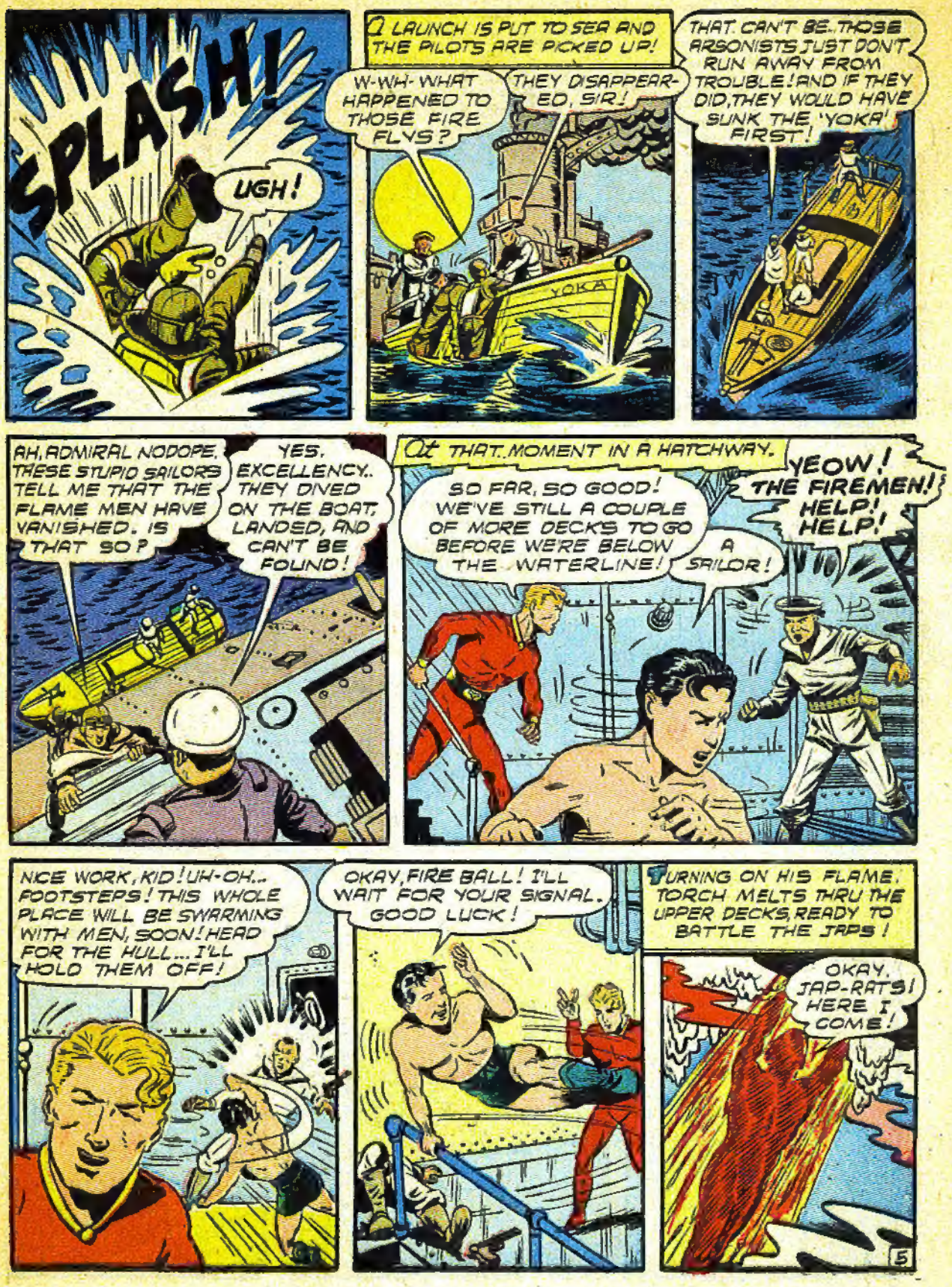

...and in the cockpit of the leading plane!
WE CAN'T DIVE. THERE'S A SEA OF FLAME BELOW. THE TORCH IS COMING FOR US!
MAKE CONTACT WITH THE CARRIER FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

Meanwhile, Toro attacks a lone plane...
NOW TO HAVE SOME FUN IN THIS GAME OF 'KILL THE KILLER!

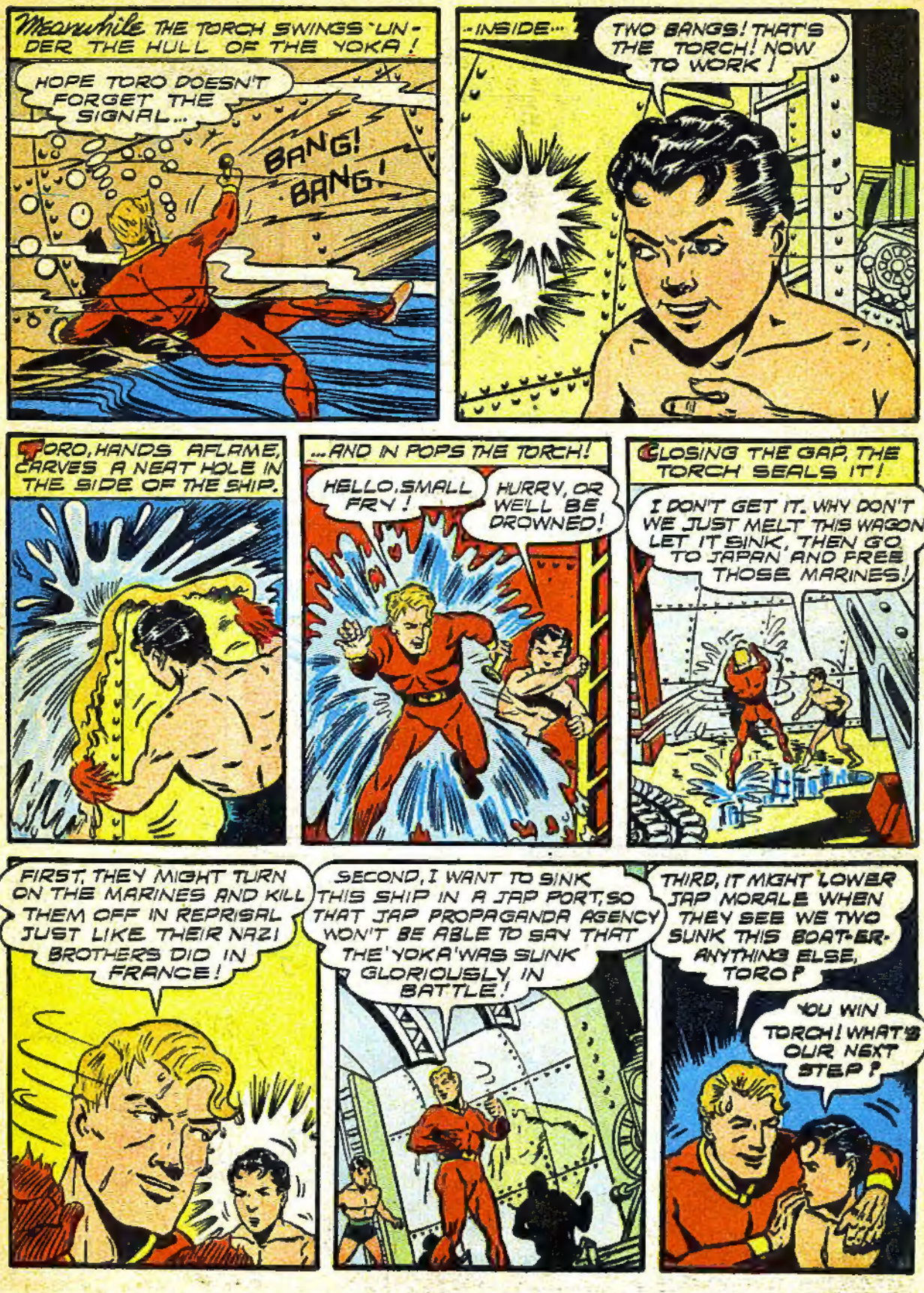

A barrage of fire balls in "V" shape "V" find their mark!
A "VICTORY FIRE-BALL" WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, JAP-RATS!

THAT'S THAT! HEY, TORCH.. YOU'RE LETTING THAT PLANE ESCAPE!
NO, I'M NOT! WE'RE GOING TO TRAIL IT!

BRIEFLY, THOSE PLANES MUST HAVE COME FROM AN AIRPLANE CARRIER IN THE PACIFIC AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT SHIP IS HEADING FOR IT!
I DON'T GET IT, TORCH!
AH, SO WE FOLLOW BABY AND SINK HIS PROTECTOR!
YES..ONLY ACCORDING TO PLAN, THESE JAPS ARE DESPERATE AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO!
THE FLAME MASTERS WING CLOSER TO THE JAP BOMBER AND MELT THRU THE TAIL GUNNER'S GLASS CAGE...
...OUT GO THEIR FLAMES...
THAT PUTS THE GUNNER OUT OF THE PICTURE!
BAM
YOU WERE RIGHT, TORCH, THERE'S THE CARRIER BELOW US!
GOOD, NOW WE CAN PUT OUR PLAN TO ITS TEST!
WHAT IN... OUR SHIP'S ON FIRE! WE CAN'T LAND!
LET'S BLOW, TORCH!
BAIL OUT!
RIGHT!
YOU BOYS NEED A BATH! THESE FIRE-BALLS WILL HELP!
THE TORCH! OUR PARACHUTE CORDS ARE BURNED!
WE'RE FALLING!

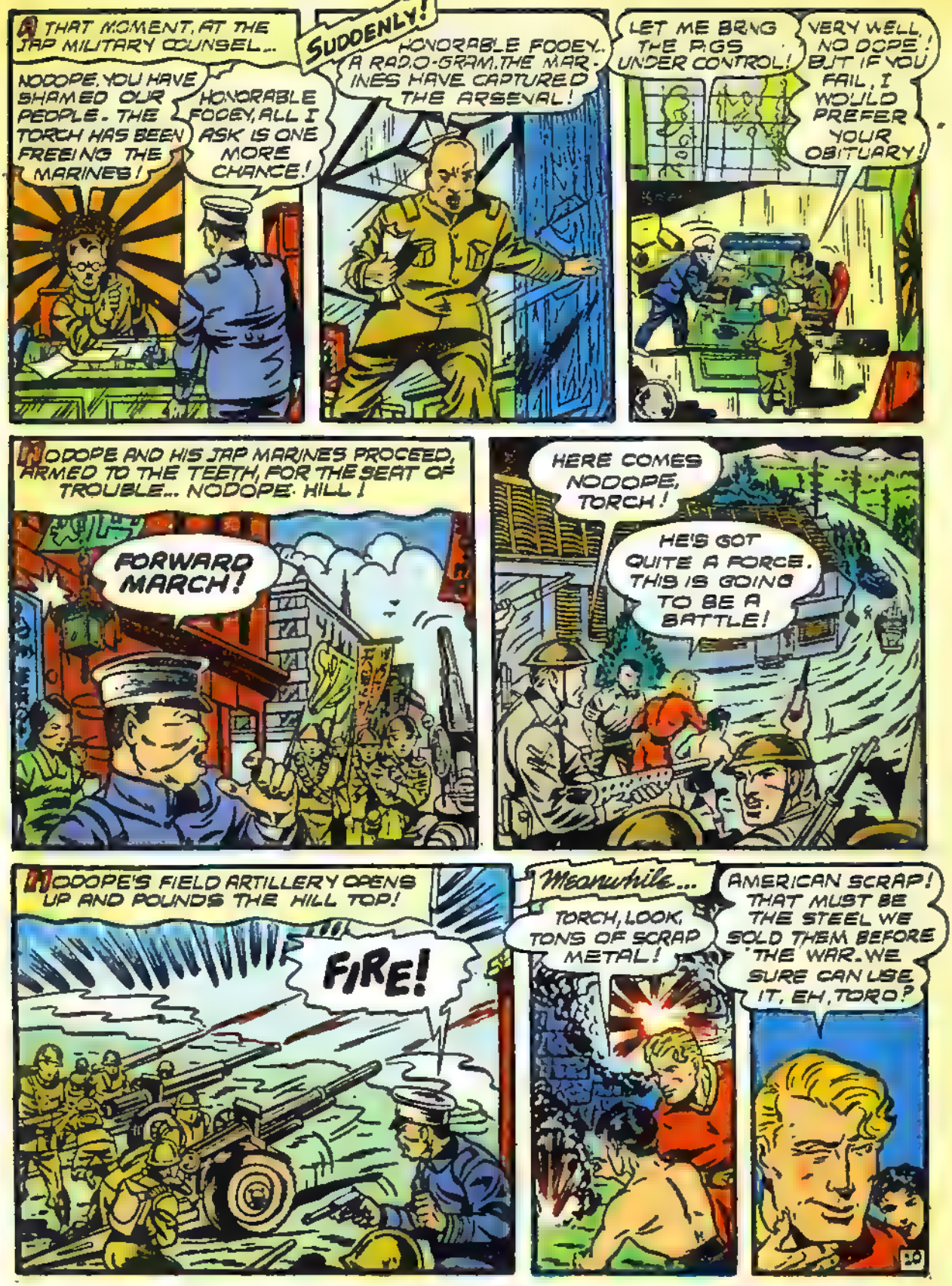

SPLASH!
UGH!
A LAUNCH IS PUT TO SEA AND THE PILOTS ARE PICKED UP!
W-WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FIRE FLYS?
THEY DISAPPEARED, SIR!
YOKA
THAT CAN'T BE..THOSE ARGONISTS JUST DON'T RUN AWAY FROM TROUBLE! AND IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE SUNK THE 'YOKA' FIRST!
AH, ADMIRAL NODOPE, THESE STUPID SAILORS TELL ME THAT THE FLAME MEN HAVE VANISHED. IS THAT SO?
YES, EXCELLENCY.. THEY DIVED ON THE BOAT, LANDED, AND CAN'T BE FOUND!
At THAT..MOMENT IN A HATCHWAY.
SO FAR, SO GOOD! WE'VE STILL A COUPLE OF MORE DECKS TO GO BEFORE WE'RE BELOW THE WATERLINE!
A SAILOR!
YEOW! THE FIREMEN! HELP! HELP!
NICE WORK, KID! UH-OH.. FOOTSTEPS! THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH MEN, SOON! HEAD FOR THE HULL... I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!
OKAY, FIRE BALL! I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR SIGNAL. GOOD LUCK!
TURNING ON HIS FLAME, TORCH MELTS THRU THE UPPER DECKS, READY TO BATTLE THE JAPS!
OKAY, JAP-RATS! HERE I COME!
5

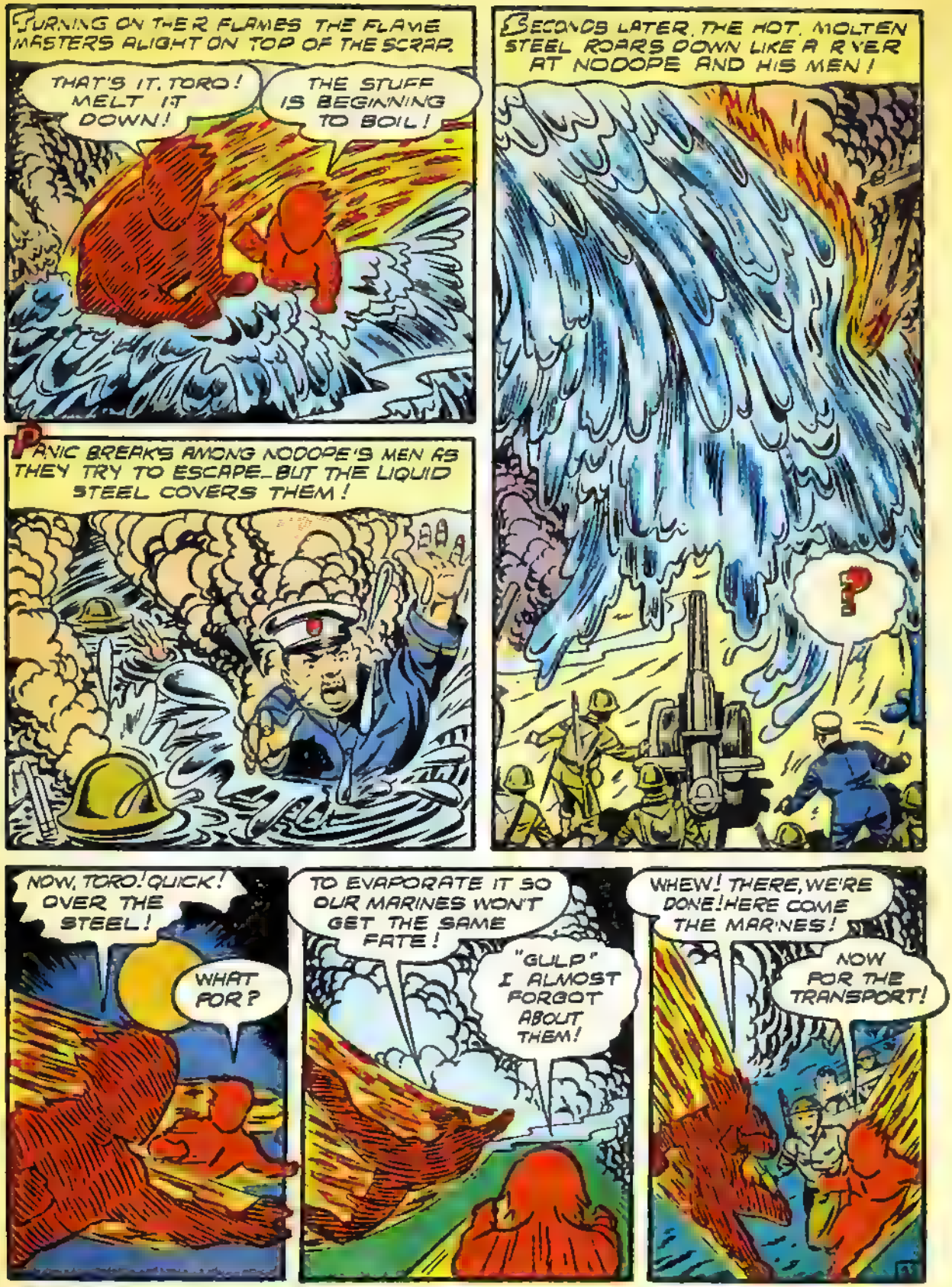
ON HIS WAY TOWARD THE DECK, THE TORCH MELTS THE DECK CONNECTING LADDERS.
SECONDS LATER. A BAND OF JAPS COME FLYING DOWN THE STEPLESS LADDERS!
?
WHAT TH...
OH-H!
ON DECK...
HOWDY BOYS!
GET HIM YOU STUPID FOOLS!
BUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE TORCH LEAPS AT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON, MELTS THE BARREL OFF AND WITH HIS HEAT BENDS IT IN HALF!
JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
THEN SINGEING THE BOTTOM; SLIDES IT INTO THE ON-RUSHING HORDE!
A PERFECT SPEAR HEAD ATTACK!
DOUSING THE FLAME ON ONE HAND, THE TORCH GRABS A HAMMER AND DIVES OVER-BOARD!
SORRY I CAN'T STAY! PRESSING BUSINESS FORCES ME ELSEWHERE!
HMM... ONLY A PUFF OF SMOKE LEFT WHERE HE DIVED IN.. WONDER WHY HE DID THAT?
FIND HIS PARTNER, TORO, AND WE'LL KNOW THE ANSWER!
ADMIRAL NODOPE, SOMETIMES YOU SURPRISE ME.. ORDER ALL HANDS BELOW... WE MUST FIND THEM BEFORE WE REACH JAPAN!

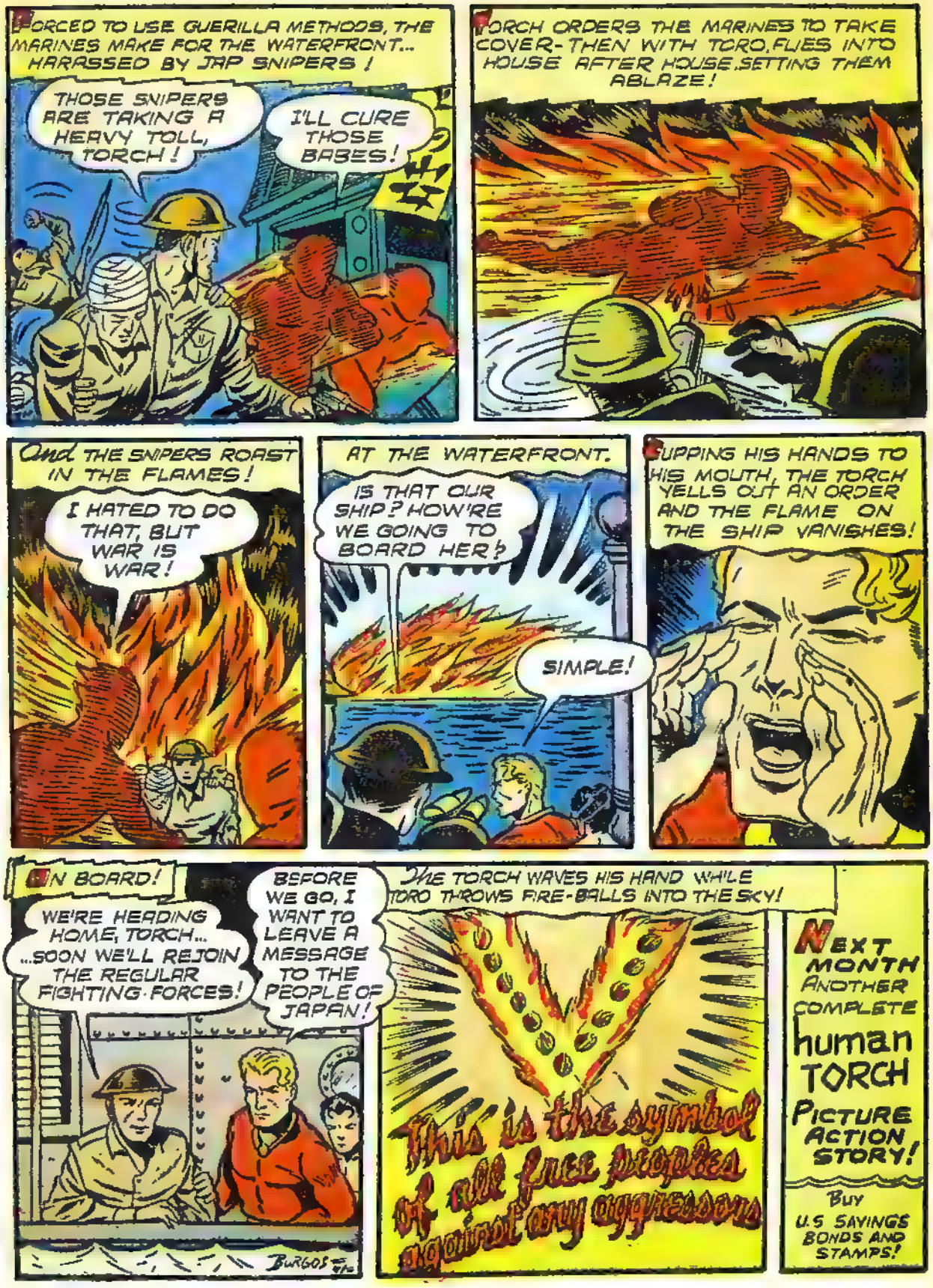

Meanwhile THE TORCH SWINGS UNDER THE HULL OF THE YOKA!
HOPE TORO DOESN'T FORGET THE SIGNAL...
BANG! BANG!
-INSIDE...
TWO BANGS! THAT'S THE TORCH! NOW TO WORK!
TORO, HANDS AFLAME, CARVES A NEAT HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.
...AND IN POPS THE TORCH!
HELLO, SMALL FRY!
HURRY, OR WE'LL BE DROWNED!
CLOSING THE GAP, THE TORCH SEALS IT!
I DON'T GET IT. WHY DON'T WE JUST MELT THIS WAGON, LET IT SINK, THEN GO TO JAPAN AND FREE THOSE MARINES!
FIRST, THEY MIGHT TURN ON THE MARINES AND KILL THEM OFF IN REPRISAL JUST LIKE THEIR NAZI BROTHERS DID IN FRANCE!
SECOND, I WANT TO SINK THIS SHIP IN A JAP PORT, SO THAT JAP PROPAGANDA AGENCY WON'T BE ABLE TO SAY THAT THE 'YOKA' WAS SUNK GLORIOUSLY IN BATTLE!
THIRD, IT MIGHT LOWER JAP MORALE WHEN THEY SEE WE TWO SUNK THIS BOAT-ER-ANYTHING ELSE, TORO?
YOU WIN TORCH! WHAT'S OUR NEXT STEP?

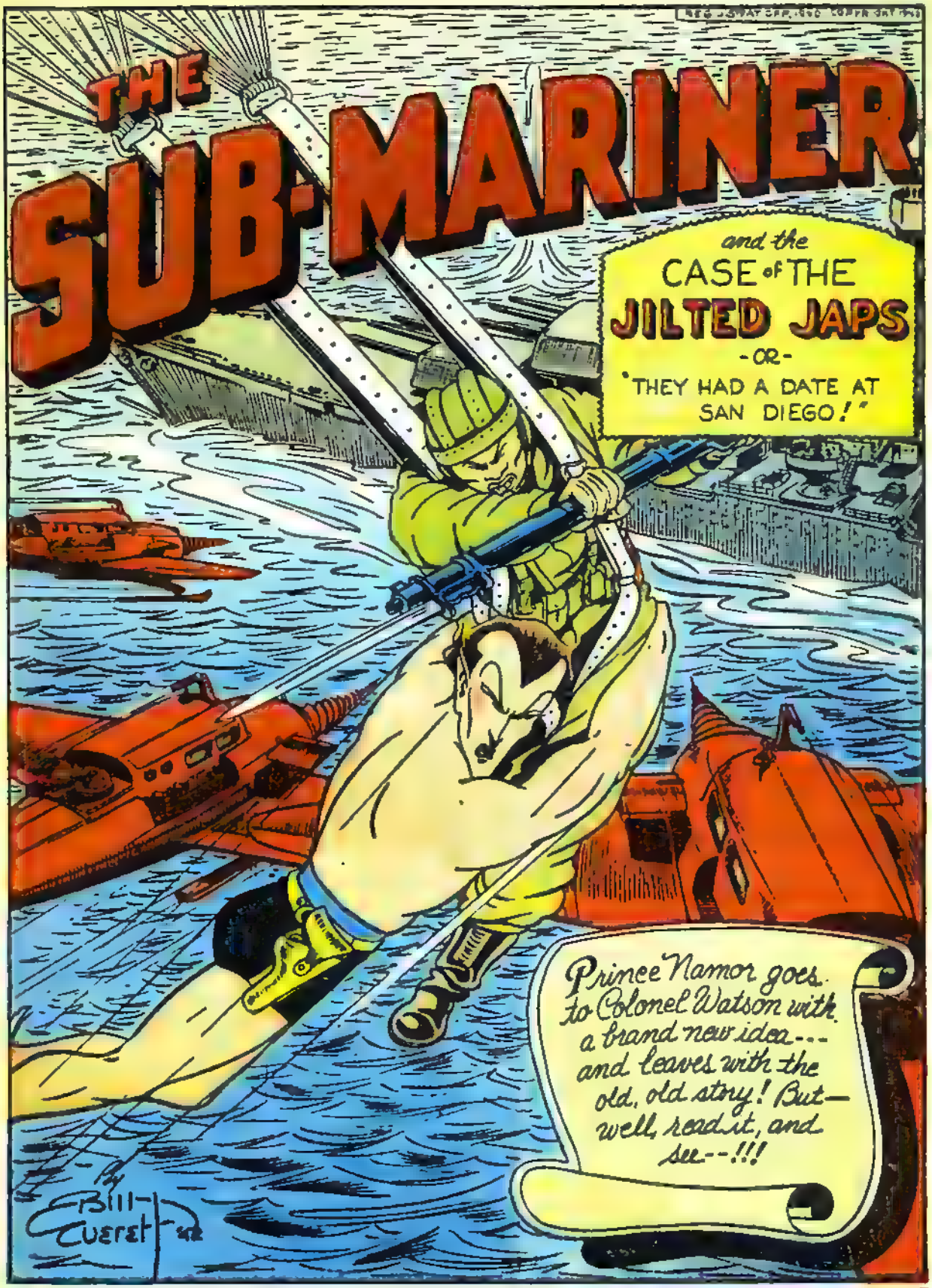
WAIT! THE SHIP STOPPED!
TO COVER TORO, I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!
CAN'T SEE WHY WE LOOK FOR FLAME MEN! WE ALREADY HOME!
YOU TALK LIKE FOOL... NODOPE KILL US IF WE NO FIND THEM!
HA! TELL NODOPE TO TAKE COVER WE'RE GOING TO SCUTTLE THIS BABY!
LOOK!
FLYING HIGH OVER THE 'YOKA', THE FLAME MASTERS, WHIRL AND DIVE-BOMB THE CARRIER:
HA! AN EXPLODING VICTORY FIRE-BALL!
THEY'RE USING ANTI-AIRCRAFT ON US!
SO THEY ARE... WELL I'VE SOMETHING UP MY SLEEVE, TOO!
BOOM
THE TORCH HURLS A CIRCLE OF FLAME DOWN, FOLLOWED BY FIRE-BALLS!
THIS OUGHT TO BE CUTE
ZOWIE! A BLAZING EIGHT BALL!
... AND THE JAPS ARE RIGHT BEHIND IT!

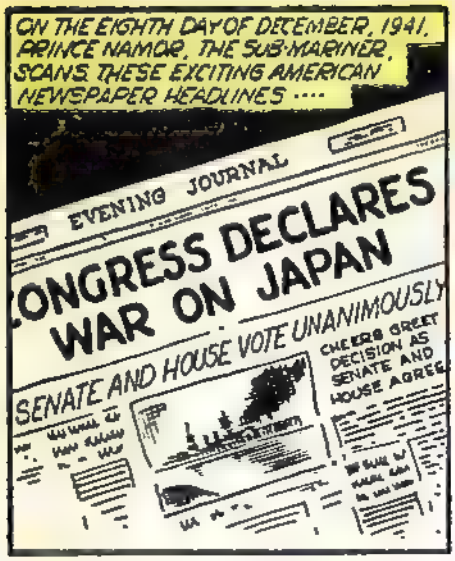
THE BLAZING BALL HITS THE DECK AND CUTS THRU THE STEEL PLATES, HITTING THE MAGAZINE ROOM... A MIGHTY EXPLOSION FOLLOWS, AND THE 'YOKA' ROLLS OVER ON ITS SIDE!
THAT WAS FOR PEARL HARBOR!
HEY, TORCH! THERE'S THE MARINE TROOPSHIP! THE CONCENTRATION CAMP CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!
RIGHT! BUT FIRST WE MUST PLAN A METHOD OF ESCAPE, AND THAT BOAT IS IT... BUT HOW?
CAMOFLAGE IT, TORCH!
I SEE YOUR POINT LETS GO!
THE FLAME MASTERS GIVE THE SHIP A COAT OF FLAME TO PROTECT IT AGAINST SABOTAGE OR AIR ATTACK.
THEN HEAD FOR THE CAMP..
LOOK TORO! THERE IT IS!
CUTTING WIDE GAPS IN THE ELECTRIC FENCES, THE TORCH AND TORO SUBDUE THE GUARDS.
... AND THE MARINES ARE FREE!
THANKS, TORCH! BUT WE'VE NO ARMS. THOSE JAPS'LL WIPE US OUT!
WHERE'S THE NEAREST ARSENAL?
ON TOP OF NODOPE HILL!
LET'S SHOVE OFF!

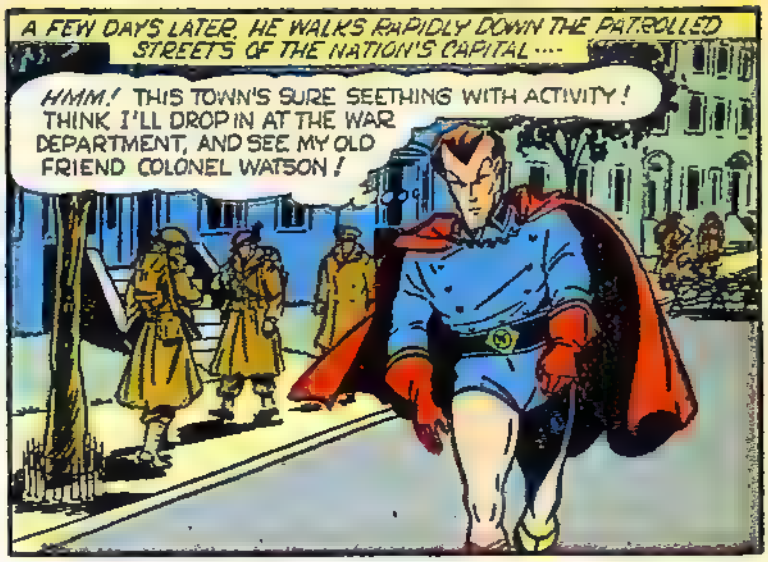

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE JAP MILITARY COUNSEL...
NODOPE, YOU HAVE SHAMED OUR PEOPLE. THE TORCH HAS BEEN FREEING THE MARINES!
HONORABLE FOOEY, ALL I ASK IS ONE MORE CHANCE!
SUDDENLY!
HONORABLE FOOEY.. A RADIO-GRAM. THE MARINES HAVE CAPTURED THE ARSENAL!
LET ME BRING THE P.G.S UNDER CONTROL!
VERY WELL, NO DOPE! BUT IF YOU FAIL, I WOULD PREFER YOUR OBITUARY!
NODOPE AND HIS JAP MARINES PROCEED, ARMED TO THE TEETH, FOR THE SEAT OF TROUBLE... NODOPE HILL!
FORWARD MARCH!
HERE COMES NODOPE, TORCH!
HE'S GOT QUITE A FORCE. THIS IS GOING TO BE A BATTLE!
NODOPE'S FIELD ARTILLERY OPENS UP AND POUNDS THE HILL TOP!
FIRE!
Meanwhile...
TORCH, LOOK, TONS OF SCRAP METAL!
AMERICAN SCRAP! THAT MUST BE THE STEEL WE SOLD THEM BEFORE THE WAR. WE SURE CAN USE IT, EH, TORO?
20


TURNING ON THE R FLAMES THE FLAME MASTERS ALIGHT ON TOP OF THE SCRAP.
THAT'S IT, TORO! MELT IT DOWN!
THE STUFF IS BEGINNING TO BOIL!
SECONDS LATER, THE HOT, MOLTEN STEEL ROARS DOWN LIKE A RIVER AT NODOPE AND HIS MEN!
?
PANIC BREAKS AMONG NODOPE'S MEN AS THEY TRY TO ESCAPE—BUT THE LIQUID STEEL COVERS THEM!
NOW, TORO! QUICK! OVER THE STEEL!
WHAT FOR?
TO EVAPORATE IT SO OUR MARINES WON'T GET THE SAME FATE!
"GULP" I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THEM!
WHEW! THERE, WE'RE DONE! HERE COME THE MARINES!
NOW FOR THE TRANSPORT!


FORCED TO USE GUERILLA METHODS, THE MARINES MAKE FOR THE WATERFRONT... HARASSED BY JAP SNIPERS !
THOSE SNIPERS ARE TAKING A HEAVY TOLL, TORCH !
I'LL CURE THOSE BABES!
TORCH ORDERS THE MARINES TO TAKE COVER-THEN WITH TORO, FLIES INTO HOUSE AFTER HOUSE, SETTING THEM ABLAZE!
And THE SNIPERS ROAST IN THE FLAMES!
I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT WAR IS WAR!
AT THE WATERFRONT.
IS THAT OUR SHIP? HOW'RE WE GOING TO BOARD HER?
SIMPLE!
CUPPING HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH, THE TORCH YELLS OUT AN ORDER AND THE FLAME ON THE SHIP VANISHES!
ON BOARD!
WE'RE HEADING HOME, TORCH... ...SOON WE'LL REJOIN THE REGULAR FIGHTING FORCES!
BEFORE WE GO, I WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN!
THE TORCH WAVES HIS HAND WHILE TORO THROWS FIRE-BALLS INTO THE SKY!
This is the symbol of all free peoples throughout every aggression
BURGOS
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE human TORCH PICTURE ACTION STORY!
BUY U.S SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!


THE SUB-MARINER
and the
CASE of THE
JILTED JAPS
-OR-
"THEY HAD A DATE AT SAN DIEGO!"
Prince Namor goes to Colonel Watson with a brand new idea--- and leaves with the old, old story! But— well, read it, and see--!!!
By Bill Everett '42


ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1941, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SCANS THESE EXCITING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ····
EVENING JOURNAL
CONGRESS DECLARES WAR ON JAPAN
SENATE AND HOUSE VOTE UNANIMOUSLY
CHEERS GREET DECISION AS SENATE AND HOUSE AGREE


A FEW DAYS LATER, HE WALKS RAPIDLY DOWN THE PATROLLED STREETS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL ····
HMM! THIS TOWN'S SURE SEETHING WITH ACTIVITY! THINK I'LL DROP IN AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, AND SEE MY OLD FRIEND COLONEL WATSON!

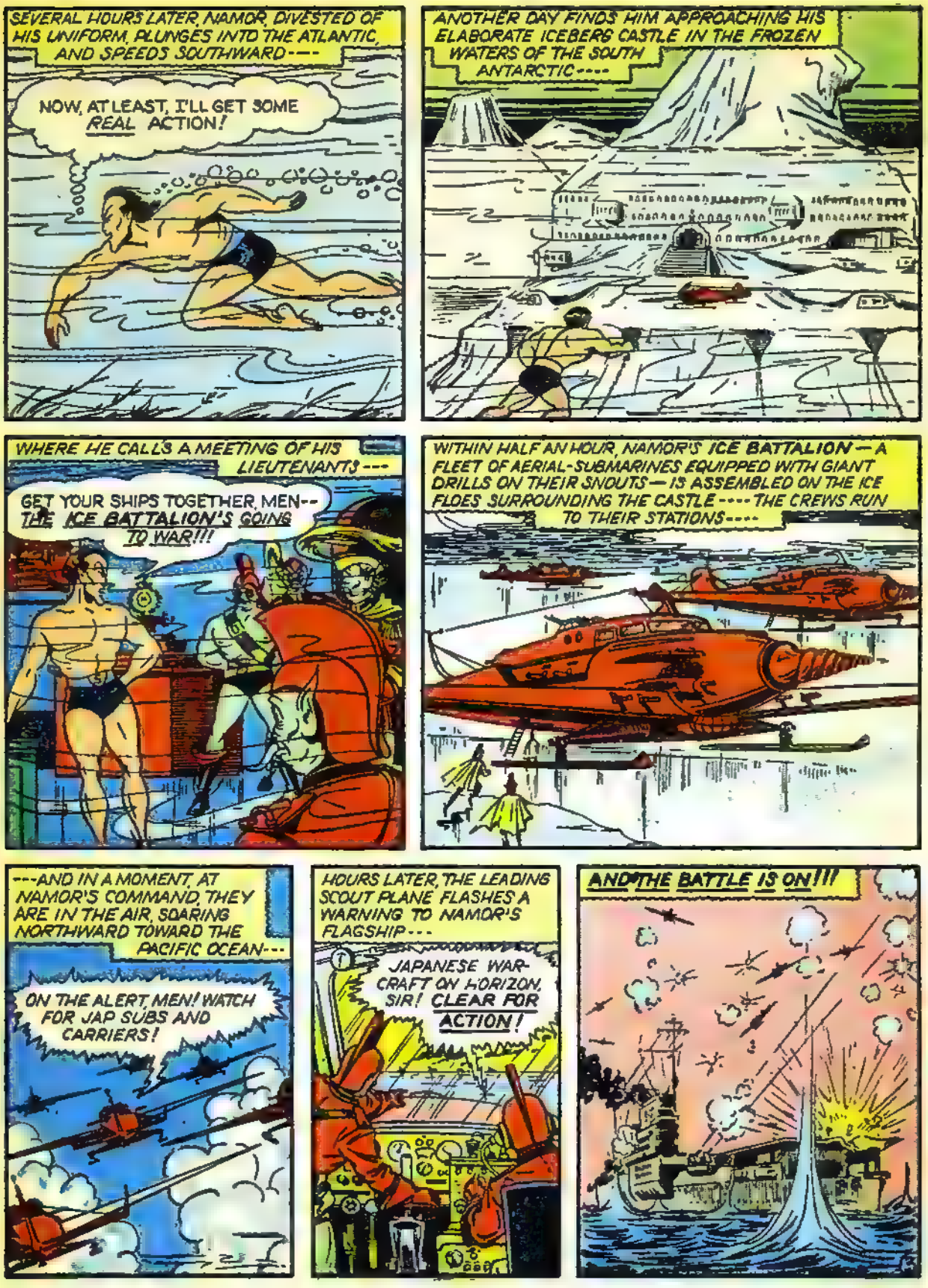
AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT HE IS HALTED BY AN ARMED GUARD···
SUB-MARINER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I WANT TO SEE COL. WATSON, BOY!

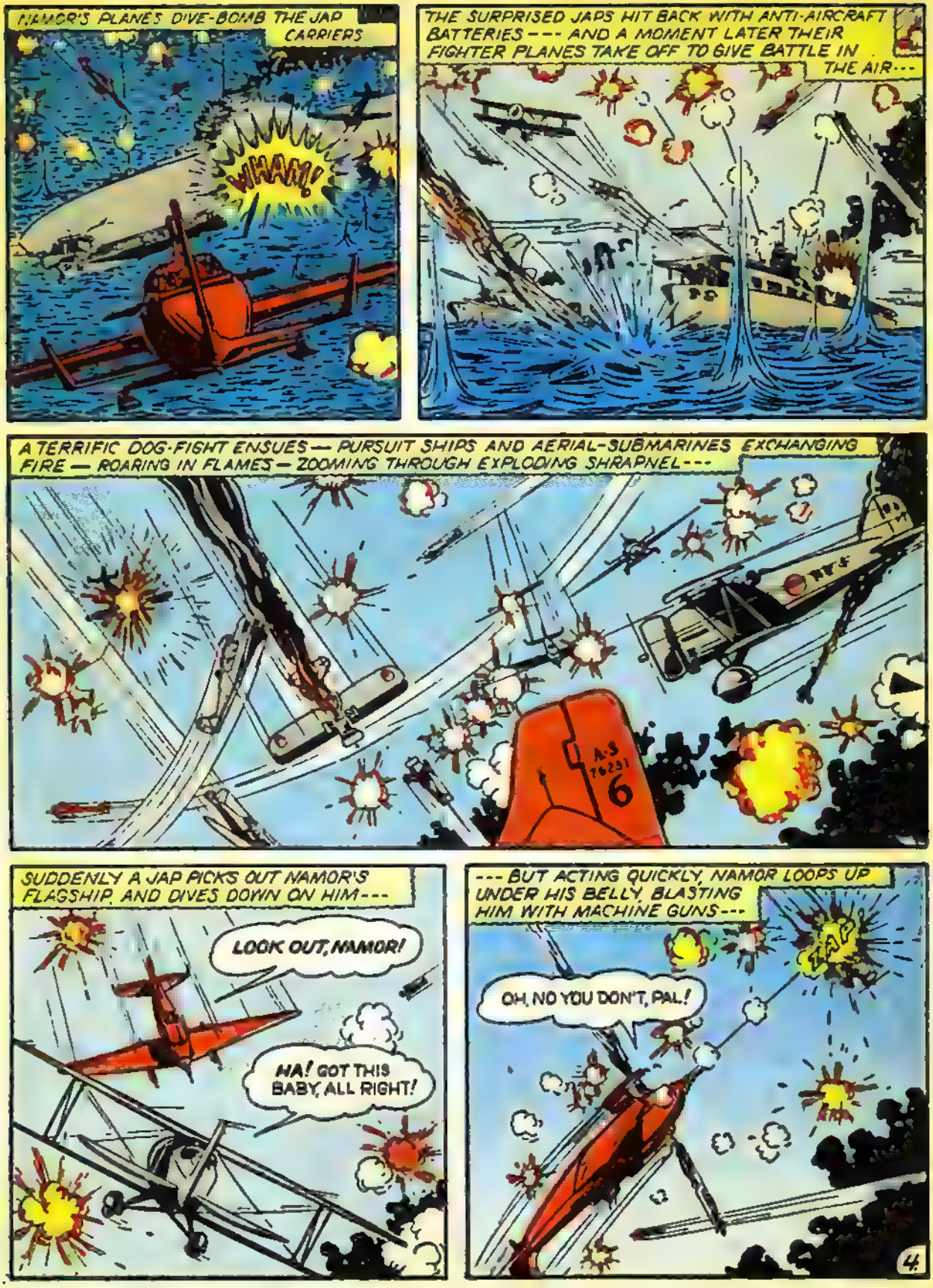
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE ····
YOUR PARDON, SIR - THE SUB-MARINER WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.
THE SUB-MARINER ??? GOOD! I'M GLAD HE'S HERE ··· TELL HIM TO COME IN!

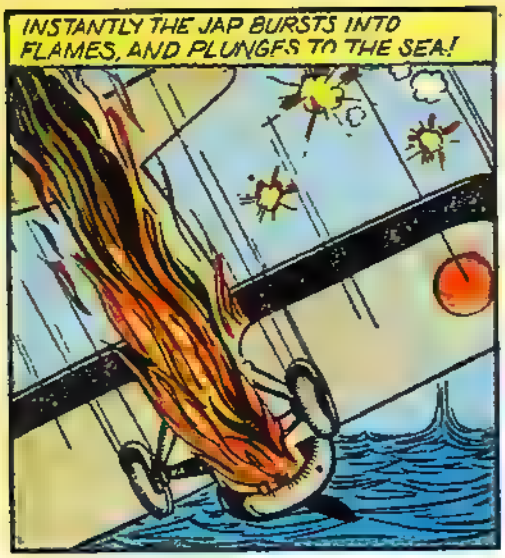
HELLO, COLONEL! SORRY TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS ····· I KNOW YOU MUST BE BUSY.
NEVER TOO BUSY TO WELCOME THE SUB-MARINER! SIT DOWN, LAD ··· IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

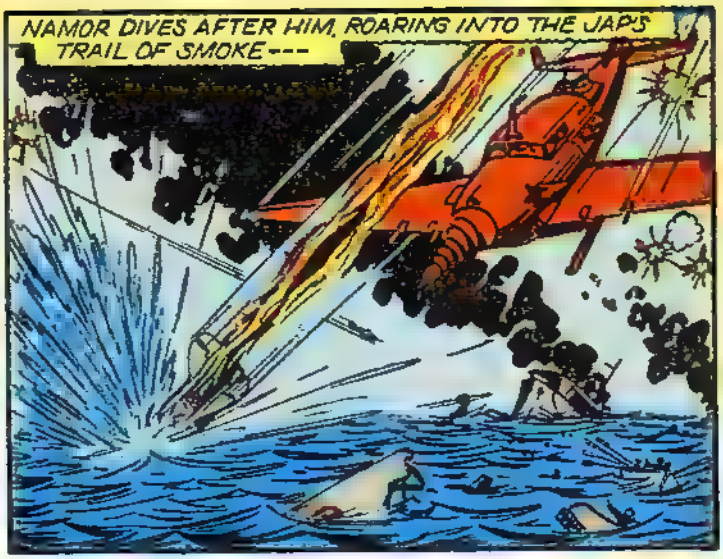
WELL - YOU'VE HEARD OF MY FAMOUS ICE-BATTALION, HAVEN'T YOU? I WANT TO ENLIST THEM IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES ··· I'M SURE WE COULD HELP TO BREAK UP THE BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC!

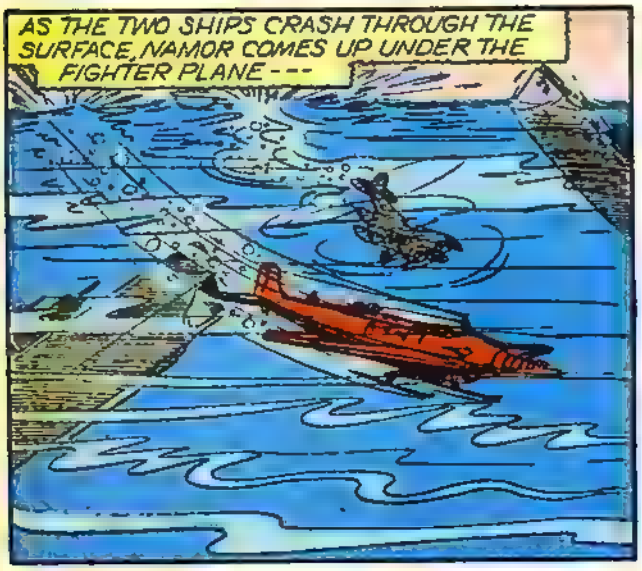
SWELL!!! WE CAN'T ENLIST THEM, FOR THEY'RE NOT U.S. CITIZENS, BUT IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT THE JAPS ON YOUR OWN HOOK, WE'LL BE MIGHTY THANKFUL! THE BATTALION'S A WICKED FIGHTING UNIT, I UNDERSTAND!


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, NAMOR, DIVESTED OF HIS UNIFORM, PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC, AND SPEEDS SOUTHWARD---
NOW, AT LEAST, I'LL GET SOME REAL ACTION!
ANOTHER DAY FINDS HIM APPROACHING HIS ELABORATE ICEBERG CASTLE IN THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC----
WHERE HE CALLS A MEETING OF HIS LIEUTENANTS---
GET YOUR SHIPS TOGETHER, MEN-- THE ICE BATTALION'S GOING TO WAR!!!
WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, NAMOR'S ICE BATTALION — A FLEET OF AERIAL-SUBMARINES EQUIPPED WITH GIANT DRILLS ON THEIR SNOUTS — IS ASSEMBLED ON THE ICE FLOES SURROUNDING THE CASTLE---- THE CREWS RUN TO THEIR STATIONS----
---AND IN A MOMENT, AT NAMOR'S COMMAND, THEY ARE IN THE AIR, SOARING NORTHWARD TOWARD THE PACIFIC OCEAN---
ON THE ALERT, MEN! WATCH FOR JAP SUBS AND CARRIERS!
HOURS LATER, THE LEADING SCOUT PLANE FLASHES A WARNING TO NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP---
JAPANESE WAR-CRAFT ON HORIZON, SIR! CLEAR FOR ACTION!
AND THE BATTLE IS ON!!!

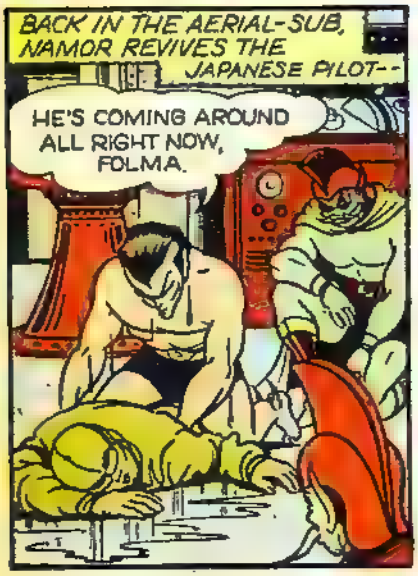

NAMOR'S PLANES DIVE-BOMB THE JAP CARRIERS
WHAM!
THE SURPRISED JAPS HIT BACK WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES --- AND A MOMENT LATER THEIR FIGHTER PLANES TAKE OFF TO GIVE BATTLE IN THE AIR---
A TERRIFIC DOG-FIGHT ENSUES — PURSUIT SHIPS AND AERIAL-SUBMARINES EXCHANGING FIRE — ROARING IN FLAMES — ZOOMING THROUGH EXPLODING SHRAPNEL---
A-S 76291 6
SUDDENLY A JAP PICKS OUT NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP, AND DIVES DOWN ON HIM---
LOOK OUT, NAMOR!
HA! GOT THIS BABY, ALL RIGHT!
--- BUT ACTING QUICKLY, NAMOR LOOPS UP UNDER HIS BELLY, BLASTING HIM WITH MACHINE GUNS---
ZAP
OH, NO YOU DON'T, PAL!
4.


INSTANTLY THE JAP BURSTS INTO FLAMES, AND PLUNGES TO THE SEA!


NAMOR DIVES AFTER HIM, ROARING INTO THE JAP'S TRAIL OF SMOKE---

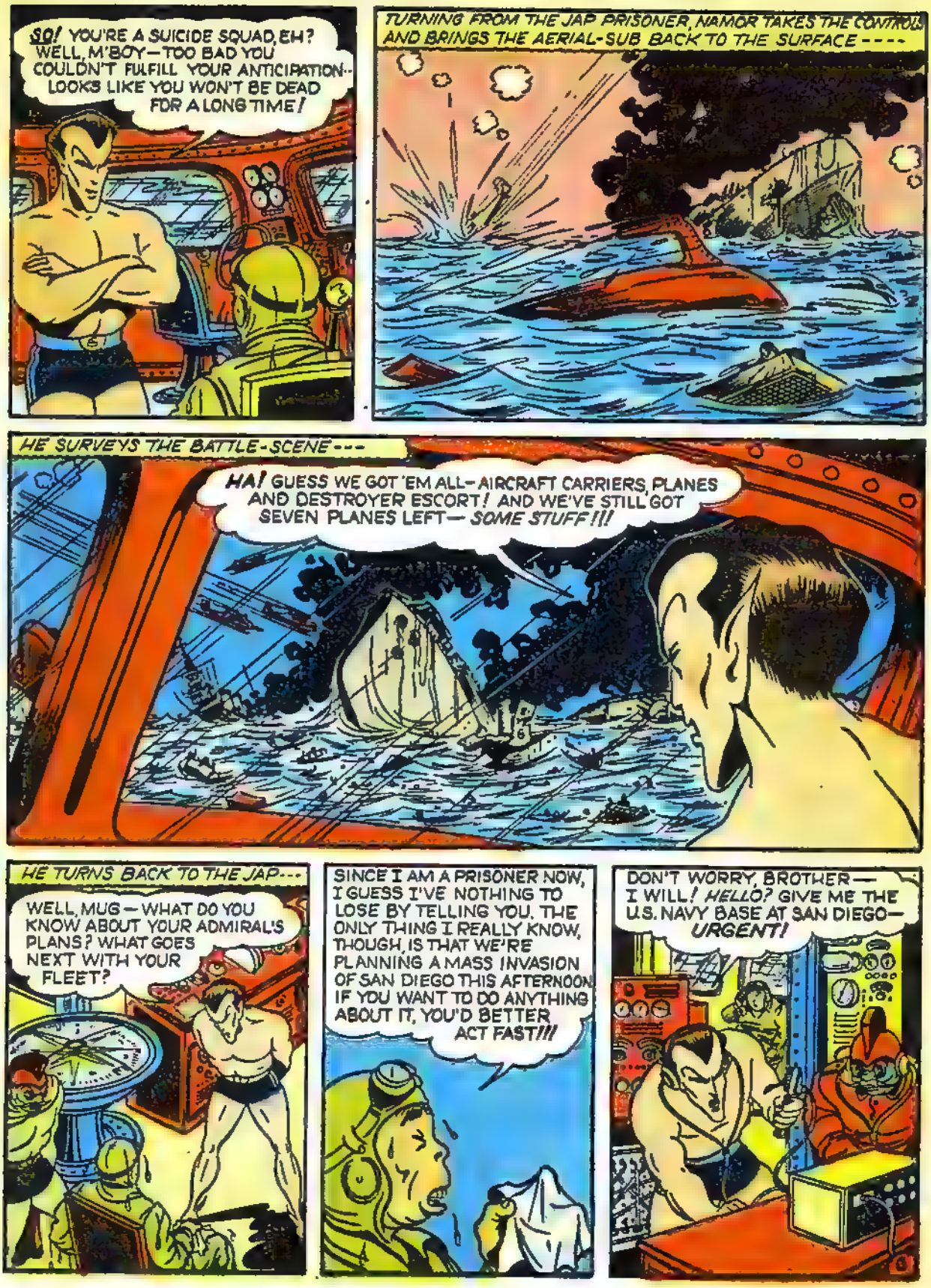

AS THE TWO SHIPS CRASH THROUGH THE SURFACE, NAMOR COMES UP UNDER THE FIGHTER PLANE---

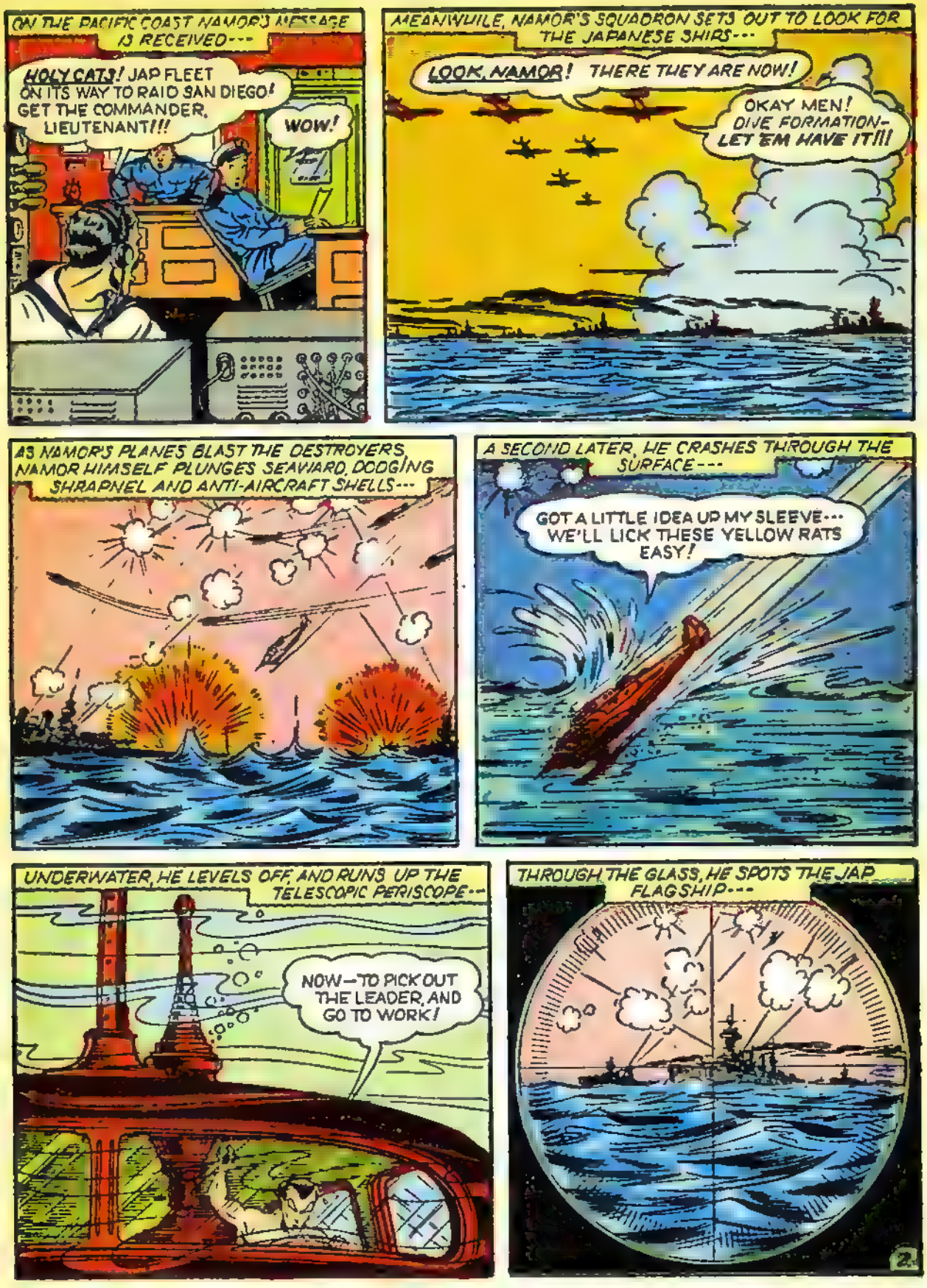
---AND A SECOND LATER NAMOR, HIMSELF, SWIMS TO THE JAP'S RESCUE, PULLING HIM FROM THE WRECKED SHIP--


BACK IN THE AERIAL-SUB, NAMOR REVIVES THE JAPANESE PILOT--
HE'S COMING AROUND ALL RIGHT NOW, FOLMA.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER---
WELL, JAP SAP, YOU CAN COME CLEAN NOW. WHAT DIVISION ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR DESTINATION?

THE JAP REPLIES IN PERFECT ENGLISH---
WE ARE A SUICIDE DIVISION— NONE OF US EXPECT TO RETURN TO JAPAN ALIVE. BUT AS TO OUR DESTINATION, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR I DON'T HONESTLY KNOW.


SO! YOU'RE A SUICIDE SQUAD, EH? WELL, M'BOY—TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T FULFILL YOUR ANTICIPATION-- LOOKS LIKE YOU WON'T BE DEAD FOR A LONG TIME!
TURNING FROM THE JAP PRISONER, NAMOR TAKES THE CONTROLS AND BRINGS THE AERIAL-SUB BACK TO THE SURFACE ----
HE SURVEYS THE BATTLE-SCENE ---
HA! GUESS WE GOT 'EM ALL—AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, PLANES AND DESTROYER ESCORT! AND WE'VE STILL GOT SEVEN PLANES LEFT— SOME STUFF!!!
HE TURNS BACK TO THE JAP---
WELL, MUG—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR ADMIRAL'S PLANS? WHAT GOES NEXT WITH YOUR FLEET?
SINCE I AM A PRISONER NOW, I GUESS I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE BY TELLING YOU. THE ONLY THING I REALLY KNOW, THOUGH, IS THAT WE'RE PLANNING A MASS INVASION OF SAN DIEGO THIS AFTERNOON. IF YOU WANT TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, YOU'D BETTER ACT FAST!!!
DON'T WORRY, BROTHER— I WILL! HELLO? GIVE ME THE U.S. NAVY BASE AT SAN DIEGO— URGENT!


ON THE PACIFIC COAST NAMOR'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED---
HOLY CATS! JAP FLEET ON ITS WAY TO RAID SAN DIEGO! GET THE COMMANDER, LIEUTENANT!!!
WOW!
MEANWHILE, NAMOR'S SQUADRON SETS OUT TO LOOK FOR THE JAPANESE SHIPS---
LOOK, NAMOR! THERE THEY ARE NOW!
OKAY MEN! DIVE FORMATION- LET 'EM HAVE IT!!!
AS NAMOR'S PLANES BLAST THE DESTROYERS, NAMOR HIMSELF PLUNGES SEAWARD, DODGING SHRAPNEL AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS---
A SECOND LATER, HE CRASHES THROUGH THE SURFACE---
GOT A LITTLE IDEA UP MY SLEEVE--- WE'LL LICK THESE YELLOW RATS EASY!
UNDERWATER, HE LEVELS OFF, AND RUNS UP THE TELESCOPIC PERISCOPE--
NOW—TO PICK OUT THE LEADER, AND GO TO WORK!
THROUGH THE GLASS, HE SPOTS THE JAP FLAGSHIP---
2.

CUTTING THE MOTORS, NAMOR COASTS UP TO THE SHIP, AND EASES THE DRILL SNOUT OF HIS AERIAL-SUB AGAINST THE HULL---

MAN THE GYROSCOPE! PREPARE HELIOCOPTER MOTORS! ALL HANDS STAND BY!

INTERNAL MOTORS ROAR AS NAMOR THROWS A HEAVY LEVER FORWARD---

BOY! WHAT A SURPRISE THESE SQUIRTS ARE IN FOR!

INSTANTLY THE GIANT DRILL GOES INTO ACTION, ANGRILY GRINDING ITS POINT INTO THE STEEL PLATES, AS THE SUB'S PROPELLING TURBINES GIVE IT LEVERAGE----

WHIR

TWO MINUTES LATER, THE NOSE OF THE SUB IS BURIED DEEP IN THE HULL---AND ELECTRO-MAGNETS SEAL IT TIGHTLY THERE -----

OKAY, MEN—CUT DRILL MOTORS! EASE OFF PROPELLOR TURBINE! SET!

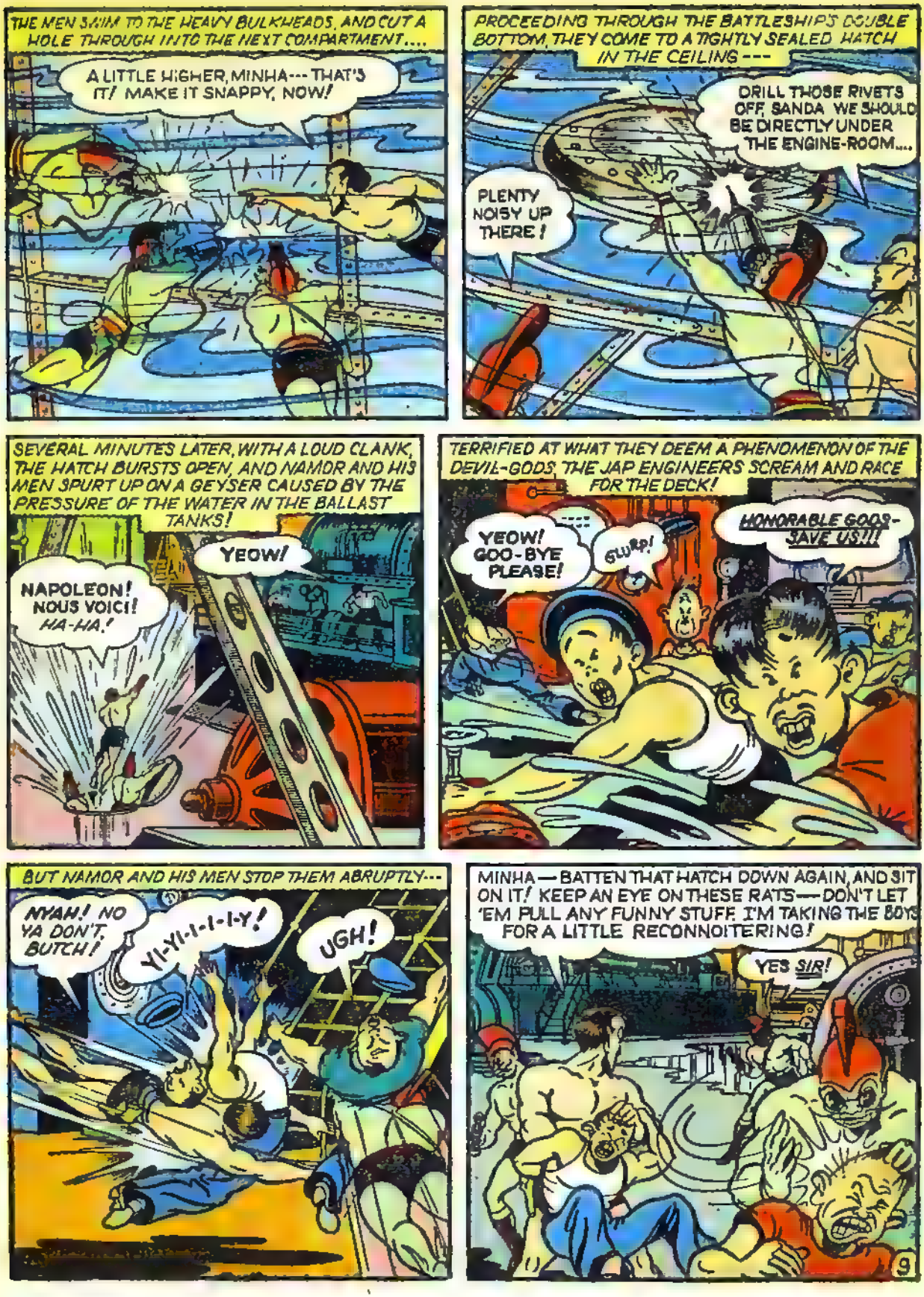
NAMOR LOCKS THE CONTROLS, AND TURNS TO HIS MEN--

PREPARE TO DISEMBARK! ALL HANDS TAKE ELECTRIC HAND-DRILLS, AND SHOCK PISTOLS.... LET'S GO!

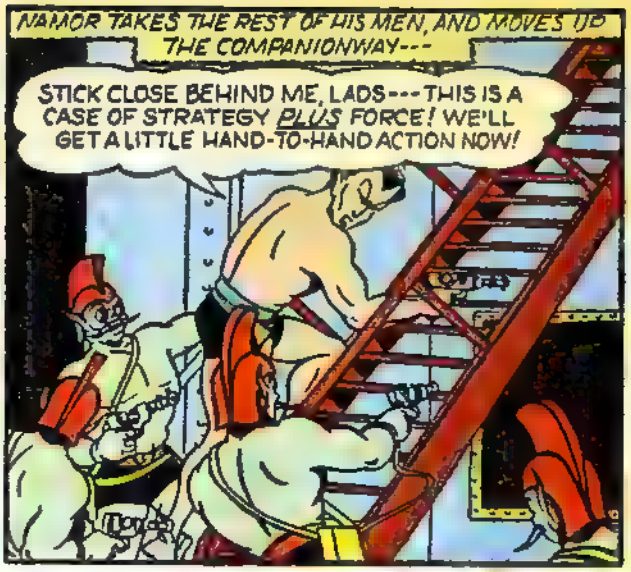
IN A CROSS-SECTION VIEW, WE SEE A SMALL HATCH IN THE BOW OF THE SUB OPEN, AND NAMOR STEPS OUT---- INTO THE BILGE BALLAST TANKS OF THE JAPANESE FLAGSHIP!

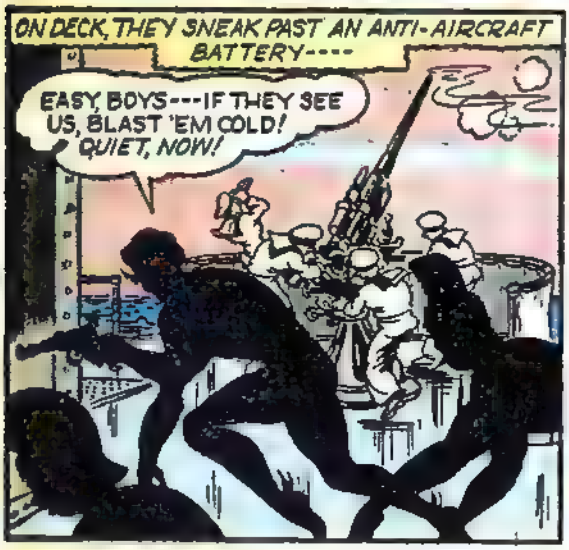
COME ON, BOYS— NO TIME TO LOSE!

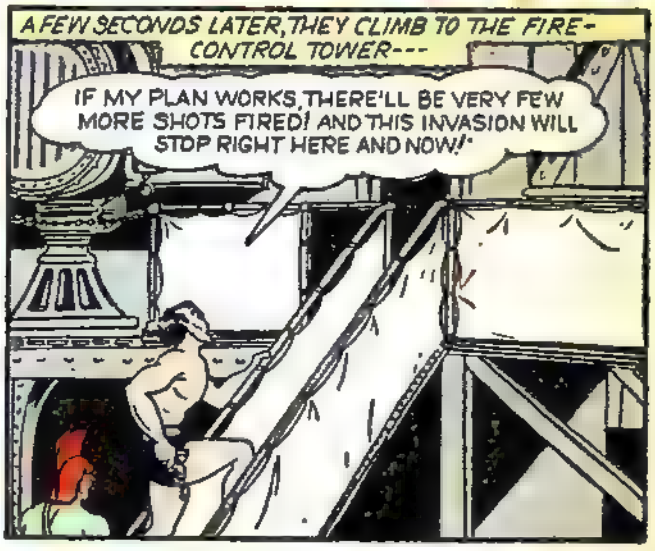
FOLLOW ME! WE'LL SHOOT UP THROUGH THE PUMP HATCH INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. USE YOUR DRILLS TO CUT THROUGH THESE COMPARTMENTS!

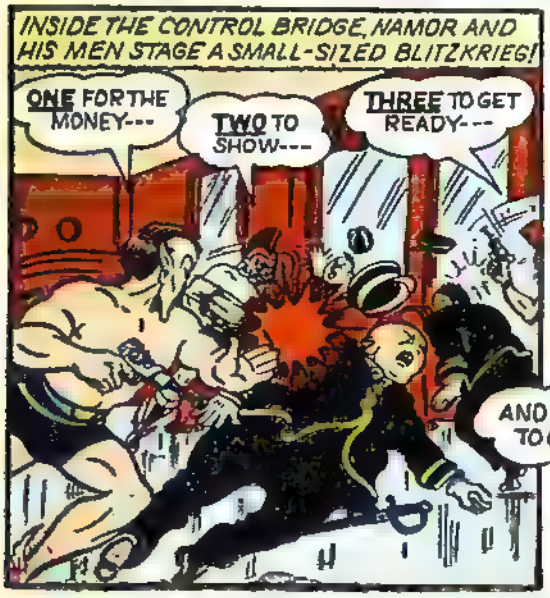

THE MEN SWIM TO THE HEAVY BULKHEADS, AND CUT A HOLE THROUGH INTO THE NEXT COMPARTMENT....
A LITTLE HIGHER, MINHA--- THAT'S IT! MAKE IT SNAPPY, NOW!
PROCEEDING THROUGH THE BATTLESHIP'S DOUBLE BOTTOM, THEY COME TO A TIGHTLY SEALED HATCH IN THE CEILING ---
DRILL THOSE RIVETS OFF, SANDA WE SHOULD BE DIRECTLY UNDER THE ENGINE-ROOM....
PLENTY NOISY UP THERE!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, WITH A LOUD CLANK, THE HATCH BURSTS OPEN, AND NAMOR AND HIS MEN SPURT UP ON A GEYSER CAUSED BY THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER IN THE BALLAST TANKS!
YEOW!
NAPOLEON! NOUS VOICI! HA-HA!
TERRIFIED AT WHAT THEY DEEM A PHENOMENON OF THE DEVIL-GODS, THE JAP ENGINEERS SCREAM AND RACE FOR THE DECK!
YEOW! GOO-BYE PLEASE!
GULP!
HONORABLE GODS- SAVE US!!!
BUT NAMOR AND HIS MEN STOP THEM ABRUPTLY---
NYAH! NO YA DON'T, BUTCH!
YI-YI-I-I-I-Y!
UGH!
MINHA — BATTEN THAT HATCH DOWN AGAIN, AND SIT ON IT! KEEP AN EYE ON THESE RATS — DON'T LET 'EM PULL ANY FUNNY STUFF. I'M TAKING THE BOYS FOR A LITTLE RECONNOITERING!
YES SIR!
9

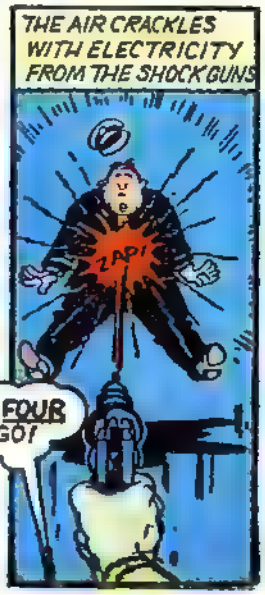
ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE JAP LICE! -- SIT TIGHT, AND DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE, OR I'LL BLAST YOU INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!


NAMOR TAKES THE REST OF HIS MEN, AND MOVES UP THE COMPANIONWAY---
STICK CLOSE BEHIND ME, LADS---THIS IS A CASE OF STRATEGY PLUS FORCE! WE'LL GET A LITTLE HAND-TO-HAND ACTION NOW!

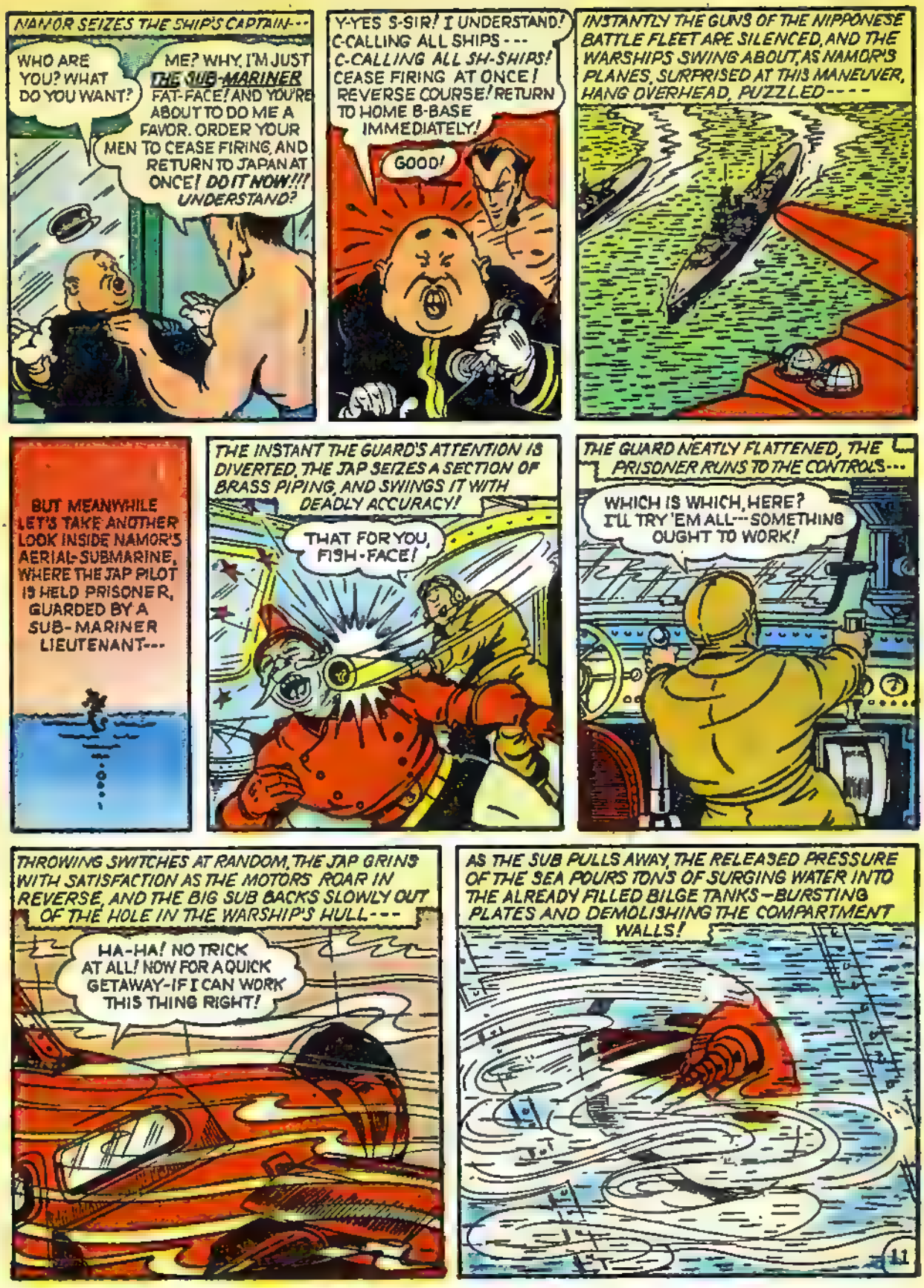

ON DECK, THEY SNEAK PAST AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY----
EASY, BOYS---IF THEY SEE US, BLAST 'EM COLD! QUIET, NOW!

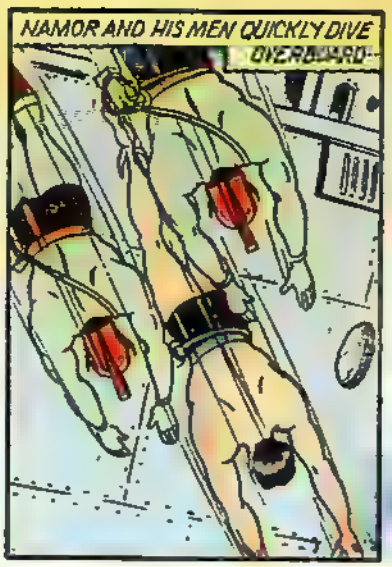

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THEY CLIMB TO THE FIRE-CONTROL TOWER---
IF MY PLAN WORKS, THERE'LL BE VERY FEW MORE SHOTS FIRED! AND THIS INVASION WILL STOP RIGHT HERE AND NOW!


INSIDE THE CONTROL BRIDGE, NAMOR AND HIS MEN STAGE A SMALL-SIZED BLITZKRIEG!
ONE FOR THE MONEY---
TWO TO SHOW---
THREE TO GET READY---
AND FOUR TO GO!

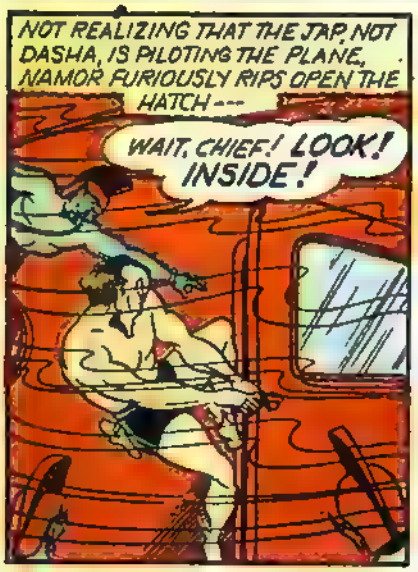

THE AIR CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY FROM THE SHOCK GUNS
ZAP!

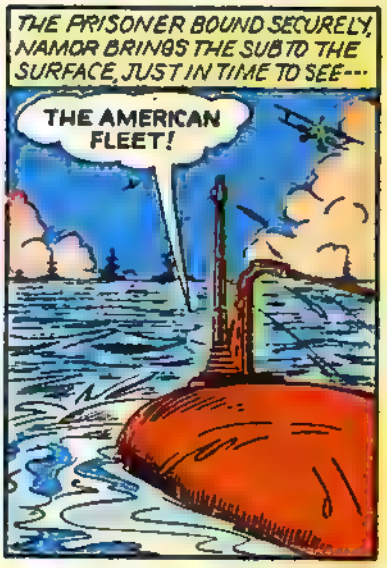
THE SURPRISED NIPPONESE COMMANDERS THROW UP THEIR HANDS IN TERROR!
STOP!
CEASE!
DESIST!
DON'T SHOOT!
GO 'WAY!
WE SURRENDER!

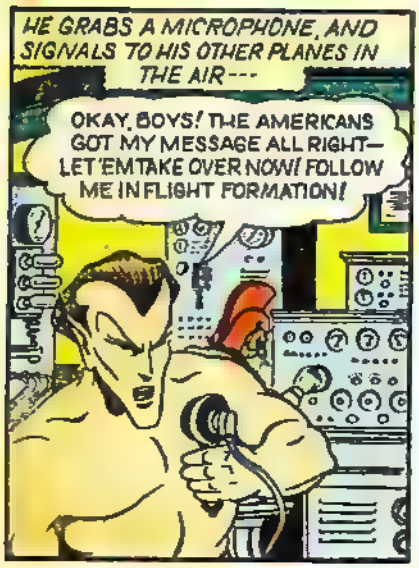

NAMOR SEIZES THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN---
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ME? WHY, I'M JUST THE SUB-MARINER FAT-FACE! AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO ME A FAVOR. ORDER YOUR MEN TO CEASE FIRING, AND RETURN TO JAPAN AT ONCE! DO IT NOW!!! UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES S-SIR! I UNDERSTAND! C-CALLING ALL SHIPS--- C-CALLING ALL SH-SHIPS! CEASE FIRING AT ONCE! REVERSE COURSE! RETURN TO HOME B-BASE IMMEDIATELY!
GOOD!
INSTANTLY THE GUNS OF THE NIPPONESE BATTLE FLEET ARE SILENCED, AND THE WARSHIPS SWING ABOUT, AS NAMOR'S PLANES, SURPRISED AT THIS MANEUVER, HANG OVERHEAD, PUZZLED----
BUT MEANWHILE LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK INSIDE NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBMARINE, WHERE THE JAP PILOT IS HELD PRISONER, GUARDED BY A SUB-MARINER LIEUTENANT---
THE INSTANT THE GUARD'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED, THE JAP SEIZES A SECTION OF BRASS PIPING, AND SWINGS IT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!
THAT FOR YOU, FISH-FACE!
THE GUARD NEATLY FLATTENED, THE PRISONER RUNS TO THE CONTROLS---
WHICH IS WHICH, HERE? I'LL TRY 'EM ALL--- SOMETHING OUGHT TO WORK!
THROWING SWITCHES AT RANDOM, THE JAP GRINS WITH SATISFACTION AS THE MOTORS ROAR IN REVERSE, AND THE BIG SUB BACKS SLOWLY OUT OF THE HOLE IN THE WARSHIP'S HULL---
HA-HA! NO TRICK AT ALL! NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY-IF I CAN WORK THIS THING RIGHT!
AS THE SUB PULLS AWAY, THE RELEASED PRESSURE OF THE SEA POURS TONS OF SURGING WATER INTO THE ALREADY FILLED BILGE TANKS—BURSTING PLATES AND DEMOLISHING THE COMPARTMENT WALLS!

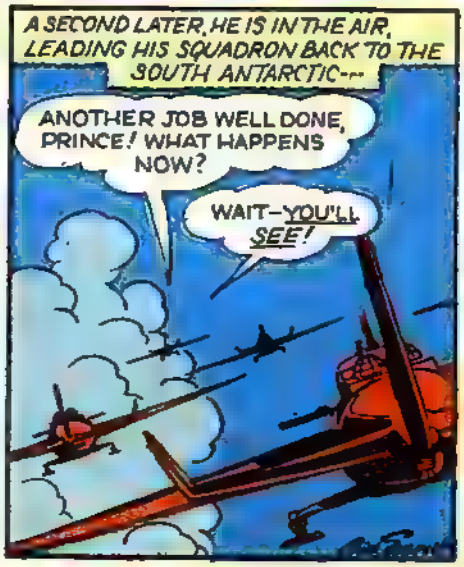


UNDERWATER, THEY SPOT THE AERIAL-SUB RUNNING AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP--
C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
LOOK, MASTER! DASHA'S RUNNING AWAY WITH THE PLANE!





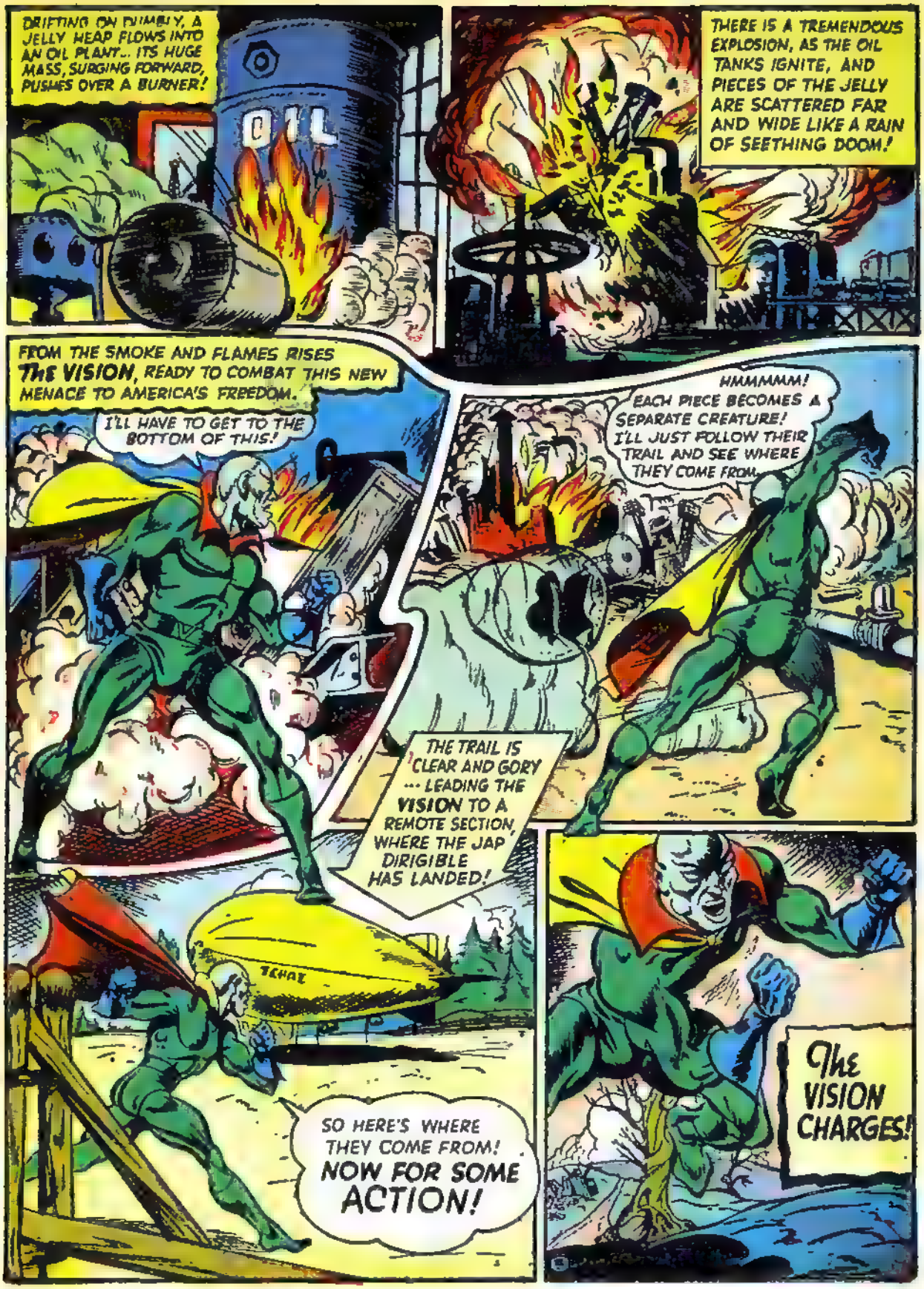

HE GRABS A MICROPHONE, AND SIGNALS TO HIS OTHER PLANES IN THE AIR---
OKAY, BOYS! THE AMERICANS GOT MY MESSAGE ALL RIGHT— LET 'EM TAKE OVER NOW! FOLLOW ME IN FLIGHT FORMATION!


A SECOND LATER, HE IS IN THE AIR, LEADING HIS SQUADRON BACK TO THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC--
ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE, PRINCE! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WAIT—YOU'LL SEE!

Watch for
FURTHER ADVENTURES of
PRINCE NAMOR
THE
SUB-MARINER
KING OF AN UNDERSEA EMPIRE----
IN
MARVEL Comics

THE VISION
in THE PLAGUE OF THE JELLY MEN
CREATED BY THE FIENDISH BRAIN OF A FANATICAL JAPANESE SCIENTIST, A DEVILISH MASS OF LIVING PROTOPLASM IS FLOWN TO AMERICA TO OVERRUN THE COUNTRY, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS PATH!
HIGH ABOVE THE SUBURBS OF NEW YORK CITY, THE GHASTLY BLOB IS DROPPED FROM THE BELLY OF A DIRIGIBLE, GROWING LARGER AS IT FALLS ON ITS VICTIMS... WHILE THE JELLY MASTER LAUGHS HIDEOUSLY. THE VISION DARES TO CHALLENGE HIM!

HIGH ABOVE, A CRUISING DIRIGIBLE... A HATCH OPENS, AND AN UNEARTHLY CREATURE OF DEATH DROPS OUT IN SEARCH OF LIVING FOOD!
HELP!
ROLLING FORWARD, THE GRISLY MASS TEARS THE FLESH FROM THE BONES, DIGESTING ALL LIFE THAT STUMBLES IN ITS PATH!
IT'S GETTING BIGGER!
BULLETS WON'T KILL IT!
LEAD SLUGS POUR INTO THE QUIVERING FORM, BUT IT CONTINUES ON ITS PATH OF TERROR... ONWARD... EVER ONWARD!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
EACH PIECE IS GROWING BIGGER!
LOOK OUT! A PIECE IS COMING THIS WAY!
IN THEIR PATH THE JELLY MEN LEAVE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.
EACH PIECE OF PROTOPLASM, CUT OFF BY THE CRAZED MOB IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO KILL IT, BECOMES A NEW, LIVING UNIT OF HORROR!
WAR PAN
2


DRIFTING ON DUMBLY, A JELLY HEAP FLOWS INTO AN OIL PLANT... ITS HUGE MASS, SURGING FORWARD, PUSHES OVER A BURNER!
OIL
THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, AS THE OIL TANKS IGNITE, AND PIECES OF THE JELLY ARE SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE LIKE A RAIN OF SEETHING DOOM!
FROM THE SMOKE AND FLAMES RISES THE VISION, READY TO COMBAT THIS NEW MENACE TO AMERICA'S FREEDOM.
I'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
HMMMMM! EACH PIECE BECOMES A SEPARATE CREATURE! I'LL JUST FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL AND SEE WHERE THEY COME FROM.
THE TRAIL IS CLEAR AND GORY ... LEADING THE VISION TO A REMOTE SECTION, WHERE THE JAP DIRIGIBLE HAS LANDED!
TCHAE
SO HERE'S WHERE THEY COME FROM! NOW FOR SOME ACTION!
The VISION CHARGES!

...AND CRASHES INTO THE DIRIGIBLE OF DEATH!
JON KEENA!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
MISSED!
HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOOK!
UGG!
YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!
THE POLICE WILL WANT TO QUESTION THIS GUY!
BUT... REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, THE MAD JAP BLOWS A PIERCING NOTE... ALMOST TOO HIGH-PITCHED TO HEAR!
I GET IT! HE CONTROLS THEM WITH HIS WHISTLE! WELL, PAL, YOU'LL BE WHISTLING A DIFFERENT TUNE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
YOU DIE NOW, DOG!
TWO JELLY MEN ATTACK THE VISION, BUT, AS HE DODGES, THEY COLLIDE!
WHAT'S THIS? WHEN THEY TOUCH THEY FUSE TOGETHER!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY ALIVE!
THIS IS GETTING TIGHT! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY!
THE SCREAMING NOTE SUMMONS MORE OF THE CREATURES, WHO START TO CIRCLE THE VISION... ... SLOWLY... MADDENINGLY!
NO! NO!
TRY A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
HERE'S SOME TAINTED MEAT, BOYS!
INSTANTLY, THE FLESH DROPS FROM THE BONES OF THE JAP WHILE HE SCREAMS WITH MORTAL PAIN!
AH, THE WHISTLE! THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE JELLY MEN!
The VISION BLOWS FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!
WHEEEE
WHEEEEE
WHEEEE
5

... AND THE SHAPELESS TERRORS RESPOND WILLINGLY!
LOOK OUT! THEY'RE COMING BACK AGAIN!
THEN, AS THEY CONVERGE UPON THE VISION, THEY MEET!
LIKE GIGANTIC SLOW-MOTION TIDAL WAVES OF DEATH, THE GRUESOME FORMS POUR INTO THE FIELD WHERE THE VISION AWAITS!
...AND FUSE TOGETHER, UNTIL ...
MAN! WHAT AN UGLY MESS!
WHEEEEE...
WHEEEE...
WHEEEE...
KEEP THOSE LIGHTS ON IT!
... THERE IS BUT ONE HUGE MASS OF WRITHING, FOUL-SMELLING GREEN "JELLY"!
THE VISION HEADS FOR A NEARBY OIL TANK TRAIN!
NOW FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH!
BRING UP THE GUNS!
SHOUTING ORDERS NOT TO FIGHT IT... BUT TO KEEP IT AT A DISTANCE AND WELL ILLUMINATED...

I'LL JUST OPEN ONE OF THESE TANKS!
A THICK BLACK SNAKE OF CRUDE OIL POURS OUT OF THE TANK AROUND THE BASE OF THE GIANT AMOEBA!
AH! THIS'LL DO IT!
BACK!
LOOK OUT!
GET BACK!
NOW I WILL GIVE IT A TASTE OF HADES THAT IT WILL UNDERSTAND!
WHILE THE SLIPPERY OIL PREVENTS THE AMOEBA FROM MOVING, THE VISION LIGHTS A TORCH!
SOON THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ACRID STENCH OF DEATH, AS THE MONSTER IS CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES!
HOORAY!
IT'S DONE FOR!
HOORAY!
PHEW!
A FLAMING TRICKLE OF OIL APPROACHES THE DIRIGIBLE...
... AND THE SHIP GOES UP IN FLAMES!
THOSE JAPS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS AGAIN!
HAVING DESTROYED ANOTHER ENEMY OF AMERICA, The VISION GOES BACK TO THE LAND OF THE MISTS, WHENCE HE CAME!
WHEW! HUMANS ARE BAD ENOUGH TO FIGHT-- THIS JELLY STUFF IS AWESOME!

KILLER'S RETURN

By MICKEY SPILLANE

RIPPING THE NIGHT apart with its shrill clang, the burglar alarm on Forbes' jewelry shop made a curious throng collect outside the store. Bill Evans, the insurance investigator, pushed his way through and stuck his pass key in the lock. The door opened under his touch, and he stepped inside.

One hurried look told him all that he needed to know. Huddled on the floor like a bundle of rags was the body of the watchman, while the door of the safe dangled from broken hinges. Quick strides took him around the room, inspecting doors and windows. Everything was locked tight, leaving the floor upstairs the only out. Bill had arrived seconds after the alarm went off. If only the killer hadn't had time to get away!

He went up the stairs two at a time, crouching low when he came to the top landing. His breath came slowly, and he peered desperately through the gloom. Slowly he crept into the darkened rooms about him. There, too, everything was still, and the windows locked tightly! This was too much! The killer couldn't have gotten away, but where was he?

It came to him then, like a flash, that left him enraged at his own stupidity. Whoever committed the crime must have hidden in the safe while he went upstairs, and by now he would be gone! Bill tore downstairs and made a mad dash for the door. He nearly knocked down the policemen that were standing outside.

Captain George Woods of the detective squad spotted him. "Hey, Bill, take it easy! Is anything gone inside?"

"Plenty, the safe is clean, and the night watchman is dead. What's worse, the killer got out while I was upstairs."

"Well, he couldn't have gotten far — we blocked all the streets around here about ten minutes ago. If what you said is so, then he's somewhere in this crowd!"

"QUICK, QUESTION THOSE that were standing around for a description of anybody that came out. Then knock off a general search for the stuff. There isn't any place to duck it, which means that the guy that pulled the job still has it on him."

Woods started off on his mission just as Mr. Forbes himself came up. He was a shriveled old crank, bursting with excitement. Bill and he went inside to get a list of what was stolen. "I don't know what I'm paying your company for if I can't get any protection!" Forbes said.

"Don't worry, if you don't get it back, you'll collect the insurance."

"I don't give a hang about the insurance! Somebody stole the Evans whistled softly. He hadn't known that Forbes had the stone, at least it wasn't insured with his company.

"Well, a thing like that will take a lot of hiding!" Bill went out to see Woods. The questioning resulted in a stalemate. Several people had seen a tall, thin man come out, but he seemed to be in no hurry, so everyone took him for a watchman or something. The search proved fruitless, too. There were a lot of tall, thin men in the several hundred in the crowd, but none of them had anything on them.

BILL WENT HOME that night with a problem on his mind. There was no doubt but what the killer had gotten out the way he thought, but what happened to him? Evidently he had looked the place over carefully before attempting the robbery, for it was only by accident that the alarm went off at all. The safe had been cut through with an acetylene torch, wielded by an expert hand.

Sleeping brought no solution, and Bill awoke as puzzled as ever. Outside a newsboy was hawking the story of the robbery, and he sent out for a copy. Perhaps the police had found a lead on the case. However, there was nothing new. A four column picture of the crowd in front of the store took up the front page, and Bill looked at it carefully. Nope, not a thing to work on.

LADY LUCK LENT A HAND WHEN BILL EVANS FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK!

Laying the paper down, he walked to the window and looked out at his own corner. He thought to himself, "What would I do if I had to duck a bag full of stones out there?" He shrugged his shoulders. There just wasn't any place to hide *anything!*

A bunch of kids were setting up a racket on the street with their ball playing. The shouting was ordinary until there was a sudden hard "smack" of a solidly hit ball. One side was yelling their cheers, but suddenly the note changed, and everyone on both sides was hollering, "Get it! Quickly, don't let it go down!"

The ball must have been retrieved safely, for an audible sigh of relief went up. "Queer," thought Bill. Something was trying to pound its way into his head, but he couldn't quite make it. He picked up the paper again and glanced through it, finally getting back to the picture. Sitting down, he fenced off the photo with a lot of squares, and went over each square separately, paying close attention to every detail.

After an hour he gave up in disgust. The situation seemed hopeless. Bill's mind drifted back to the kids in the street. What was it they had said? "Don't let it go down." Why, there it was right in his lap: the solution to the whole thing! He grabbed up the picture and went over it. Sure enough, there was the thing he was looking for!

TIME WAS PRECIOUS, now. A cab took him to the front of Forbes', and he hopped out and shot a quick glance around. Only the ordinary run of people were around, hurrying on their duties. The type of person he expected hadn't turned up yet. "I hope I'm not too late!" he said to himself. Inwardly he didn't think so, for it would probably be after the working crowd had gone that the killer would attempt his plan.

He looked at his watch. Four-thirty. The streets were filling now. Bill Evans made himself as unobstrusive as possible in the shadowed doorway of one of the office buildings, his eyes sharp as he kept his watch. Two and half hours passed slowly, and nothing happened. Bill was getting ready to give up in disgust.

At that moment a brown pick-up truck came around the corner and pulled up by the curb on the other side of the street, directly opposite where Bill was standing. On the side was lettered, "CITY SEWERAGE DEP'T." Bill's eyes narrowed. This was it, all right!

Bill was a little sorry now, that he hadn't let some of the police boys in on the job. The two mugs in the front seat looked like a mean pair. One of them got out and took a crowbar from the truck. He walked to a manhole cover, fitted the bar under the plate, and forced it out. A call brought the other guy, and he stood by the underground exit waving a red flag, as his pal went down.

Trying to act as much like a jay-walker as possible, Bill crossed the street unnoticed by the suspect. Only when a blackjack thudded dully on his head did the man with the flag realize that the game was up, but then it was too late! Bill flashed his badge on a startled pedestrian, "Watch this guy. Don't let him wake up, and send somebody for the cops—hurry!" The guy was still yelling for help as Bill went down the iron rungs.

The sewer was as dark as a tomb, with little furry things dashing over the damp stone floor. Faintly, the splashing of the sewer outlet could be heard. Bill tried to locate himself so that he pointed toward the North corner of the street above. On tiptoes he stole forward, feeling his way along the slimy wall.

Suddenly a beam of light shot out of the darkness enveloping him in its brilliance! Just as suddenly he charged forward, and got his hands on a throat! Two figures in total darkness lashed out, fighting to the death. They stumbled about, swinging madly. Both of them connected against the other, and they grunted under the impact. Bill slipped, and the man over him headed for the tiny pinpoint of light that showed where the exit was.

But Bill was not caught napping. His hand shot out and closed around an ankle. The man fell with a thud. Bill swarmed all over him, punching madly with both hands. He swung a wicked one and it connected solidly with the point of a chin. Rising, Bill grabbed the collar of the fallen man's coat and dragged him to the exit.

Police cars were screaming up the avenue, and two bluecoats stood with guns out peering down the manhole. Bill handed the crook up. Captain Woods ran over. "You, Bill! What is this?"

"This is the guy that stuck up the Forbes shop." Bill said. "You'll probably find the stones in his pocket!"

"Well, what was he doing there?"

"When he saw he was surrounded the night of the robbery, he tossed the swag down the sewer, and had to get to it through this manhole here. Pretty slick, I say!"

Captain Woods scratched his head. "Well, I'll be— How did you get wise?"

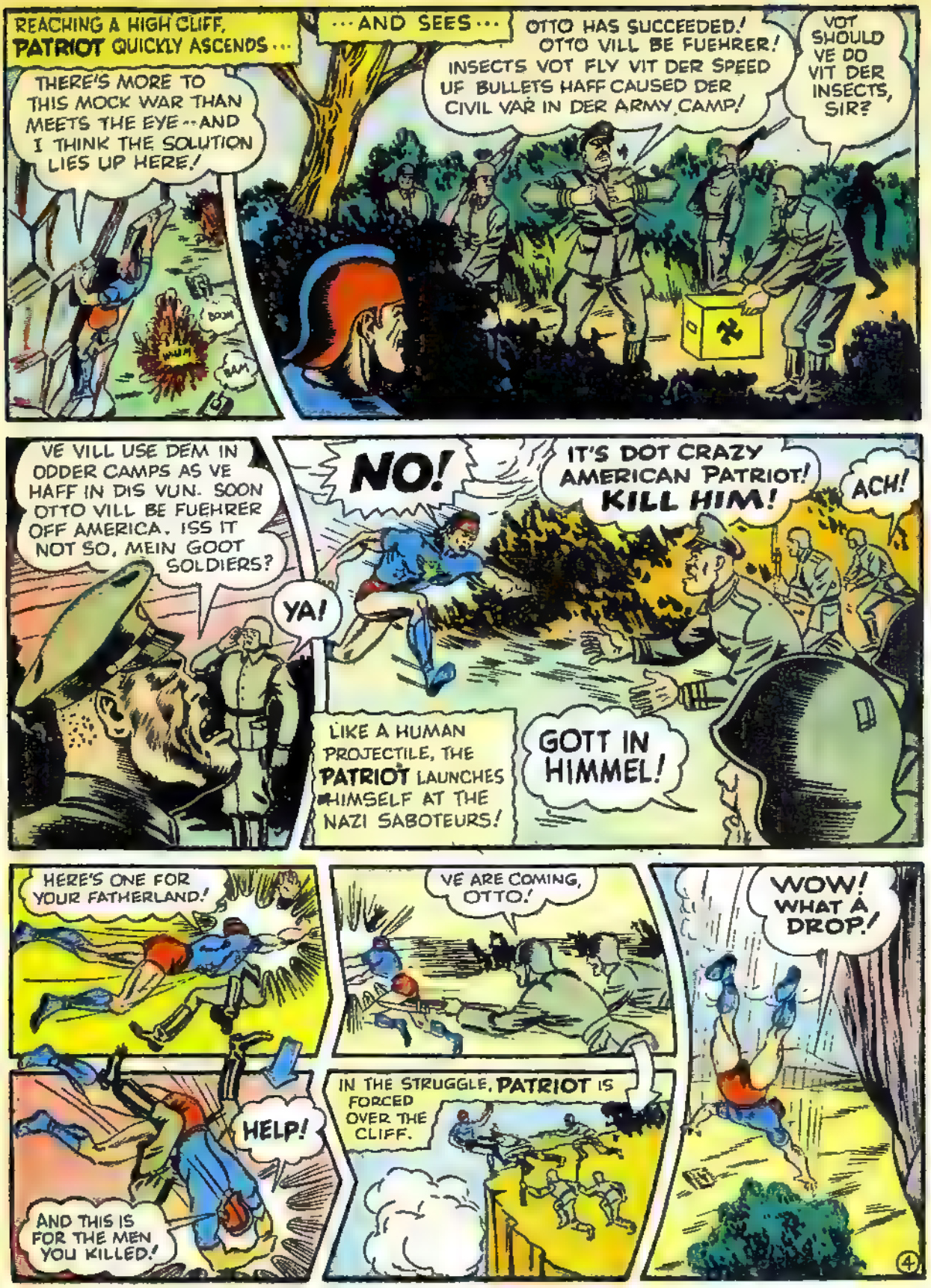
"O'), I heard a bunch of kids yelling not to let their ball "go down," and I got the idea of the sewer. That was the only possible place he could've hidden it!

THE END

the PATRIOT
IN
The INSECTS of SUDDEN DEATH!
WHEN CIVIL WAR STARTED IN THE MANEUVERS AT FORT MIX, PATRIOT DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME TO ACT. THE PLOT HE UNCOVERED WAS UNEQUALED IN THE HISTORY OF DIABOLICAL CRIME!
AL FAGALY
STRAIGHT TOWARD PATRIOT CAME THE DEADLY INSECTS -- FLYING WITH THE SPEED OF BULLETS!

NEWS
SHAM BATTLE TURNS INTO REAL BATTLE!
MANY KILLED WHEN AMERICAN ARMY MANEUVERS TURN INTO REAL WAR!
MYSTERY BAFFLES ARMY OFFICERS!
Soldiers of First Army use live ammunition in retaliation for mysterious death.
War Games Called Off For Investigation.
AND SO YOU SEE THAT'S TH' WAY IT IS! AN' NOW TH' CHIEF SENDS ME DOWN TO FORT MIX TO FIND OUT WHAT TOOK PLACE. I HOPE YOU KIDS DON'T MIND GETTIN' LUGGED OFF LIKE THIS!
NOT ME! I ALWAYS GET A KICK OUT OF THESE MYSTERIOUS CASES!
SOUNDS THRILLING! I HOPE YOU CATCH SOME SPIES!
THE MANEUVERS ARE ABOUT TO BE RESUMED WHEN CASEY, MARY, AND JEFF ARRIVE AT FIRST-ARMY FIELD HEADQUARTERS.
COME ON! YOU ARE JUST IN TIME FOR THE START OF THE MANEUVERS
WE HAVE A PERFECT VIEW FROM THIS OBSERVATION POINT! AND WE ARE KEEPING A WEATHER EYE FOR ANYTHING STRANGE THAT HAPPENS!
AS THE SHAM BATTLE GETS UNDER WAY, THERE IS SUDDENLY CONFUSION IN THE RANKS OF THE FIRST ARMY.
THE MEN START DROPPING DEAD AS THICK AS FLIES!
WHY, THEM DIRTY SO-AND-SO'S! THEY'RE USING REAL BULLETS AGAIN! TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! I'M GONNA PICK OFF SOME OF THEM GUYS WITH LIVE AMMUNITION!
YOU BET! WE'LL GIVE 'EM AS GOOD AS WE TAKE!
RAT TAT TAT
AGH-H-H!
BUT ... ON THE SIDE OF THE SECOND ARMY!
HEY! LOOK! THEM RATS ON THE OTHER SIDE ARE USING REAL BULLETS AGAIN! C'MON, GANG! LET'S GIVE 'EM BOTH BARRELS — AN' NO BLANKS THIS TIME!
YEAH!
OOF!
2

SUDDENLY BOTH ARMIES FIND THEMSELVES ENGAGED IN A FULL-FLEDGED WAR!
BOOM
WHOMP
WHAM
A HUGE BOMBER, HIT AND OUT OF CONTROL, HEADS STRAIGHT FOR HEADQUARTERS OBSERVATION POINT!
...IT STRIKES THE GROUND NEAR BY WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
LOOK OUT! THE PLANE IS GOING TO HIT US!
BOOM
THE MEN ARE GOING BERSERK AGAIN! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE BEFORE OUR ARMIES ANNIHILATE EACH OTHER!
I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR FIELD GLASSES FOR A MOMENT, GENERAL. I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!
QUICKLY JEFF FOCUSES THE GLASSES ON A DISTANT HILL AND SEES..
THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN--AND IT ISN'T IN DENMARK. THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE PATRIOT!
SWIFTLY, JEFF SLIPS AWAY FROM THE REST, TO CHANGE INTO THE COSTUME OF THE GREAT PATRIOT!
3


REACHING A HIGH CLIFF, PATRIOT QUICKLY ASCENDS ···
THERE'S MORE TO THIS MOCK WAR THAN MEETS THE EYE -- AND I THINK THE SOLUTION LIES UP HERE!
BOOM
BAM
···AND SEES···
OTTO HAS SUCCEEDED! OTTO VILL BE FUEHRER! INSECTS VOT FLY VIT DER SPEED UF BULLETS HAFF CAUSED DER CIVIL VAR IN DER ARMY CAMP!
VOT SHOULD VE DO VIT DER INSECTS, SIR?
VE VILL USE DEM IN ODDER CAMPS AS VE HAFF IN DIS VUN. SOON OTTO VILL BE FUEHRER OFF AMERICA. ISS IT NOT SO, MEIN GOOT SOLDIERS?
YA!
NO!
IT'S DOT CRAZY AMERICAN PATRIOT! KILL HIM!
ACH!
LIKE A HUMAN PROJECTILE, THE PATRIOT LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE NAZI SABOTEURS!
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR FATHERLAND!
VE ARE COMING, OTTO!
WOW! WHAT A DROP!
HELP!
AND THIS IS FOR THE MEN YOU KILLED!
IN THE STRUGGLE, PATRIOT IS FORCED OVER THE CLIFF.
4

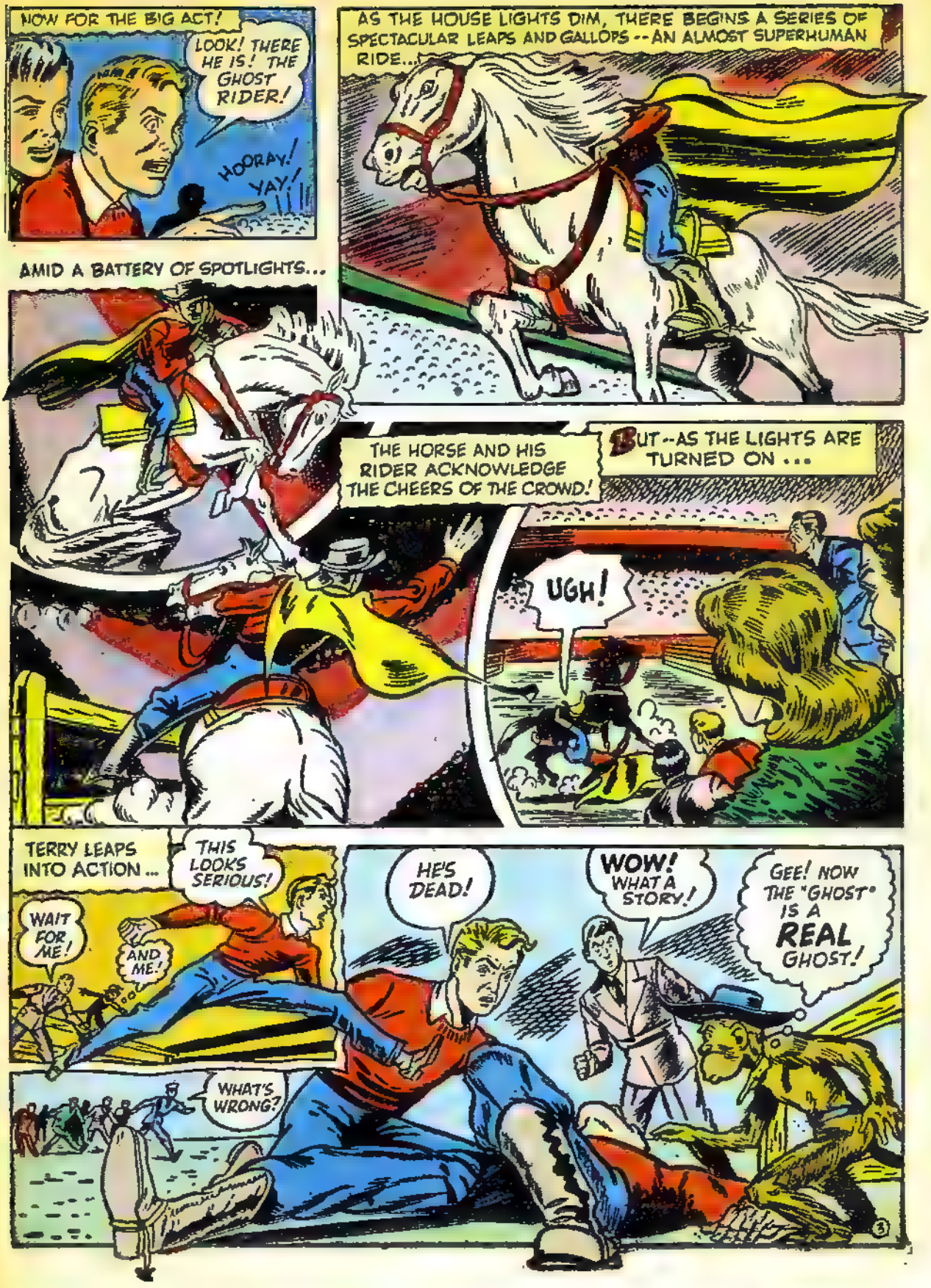
FRANTICALLY, PATRIOT GRASPS AT THE BRANCH OF A TREE!
IF THIS TREE IS ONLY STRONG ENOUGH!
THE SUPPLE TREE HOLDS!
THIS IS GONNA BE A GOOD TRICK IF IT WORKS!
IT WORKS!
THE PATRIOT LANDS BACK NEAR THE TOP OF THE CLIFF!
UPSY-DAISY!
VATCH DIS, MEN! I FIX DOT SNOOPER MIT MEIN LEIBER INSECTS!
BZZ BZZ ZZ ZING
THE MAD NAZI OPENS THE DOOR OF THE BOX!
...BUT PATRIOT DUCKS BEHIND A ROCK AS THE INSECTS STRIKE!
PING PANG
WOW! JUST LIKE A BULLET!
SWIFTLY, PATRIOT LEAPS UP, GRABS ONE OF THE SOLDIERS! THE INSECTS STRIKE HIM AND HE GOES LIMP IN PATRIOT'S ARMS.
THOSE INSECTS HIT WITH THE POWER OF A RIFLE!
ZING
BEFORE THE NAZI CAN RELEASE THE DOOR AGAIN, PATRIOT ACTS!
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
ARGHH!
OVERBALANCED, THE MAD NAZI PLUNGES OVER THE CLIFF TO HIS DEATH!
YEOW!
5

PATRIOT WHIRLS, HITS THE NAZIS LIKE A TORNADO!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GUYS GOT HERE!
PATRIOT HOLDS THE NAZIS UNTIL THE MEN FROM FORT MIX ARRIVE.
GOOD WORK, PATRIOT! WE FOUND OTTO AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF, DEAD! BUT HOW DID HE KILL OUR MEN WITHOUT FIRING ON THEM?
HE USED THE INSECTS IN THIS CAGE! THEY FLY WITH THE SPEED OF A HIGH-POWERED BULLET AND CAN PENETRATE THICK STEEL ---
---BY DIRECTING THEM AT THE MEN OF THE FIRST ARMY, HE CAUSED YOUR SOLDIERS TO THINK THAT THE OTHER SIDE WAS FIRING LIVE AMMUNITION! -- HIS PLAN WAS TO START INSPECTIONS SO THAT AMERICA'S ARMY WOULD DECIMATE ITSELF!
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH WE APRECIATE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!
I SHALL SEE THAT YOU GET THE PROPER REWARD FOR YOUR ---
HEY! WHERE DID HE GO?
BUT PATRIOT DOESN'T WISH UNDUE PUBLICITY -- HE SLIPS AWAY AND . . . . .
. . . RETURNS TO MARY AND CASEY AS JEFF MACE!
HELLO!
WHERE IN BLAZES DID YOU GET TO? YOU MISSED ALL THE FUN!
I THINK HE WAS AFRAID OF ALL THE BULLETS! BUT NOT THE PATRIOT! HE ---
AW, THAT GUY IS JUST A HEADLINE HUNTER!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURES OF AMERICA'S GREATEST PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

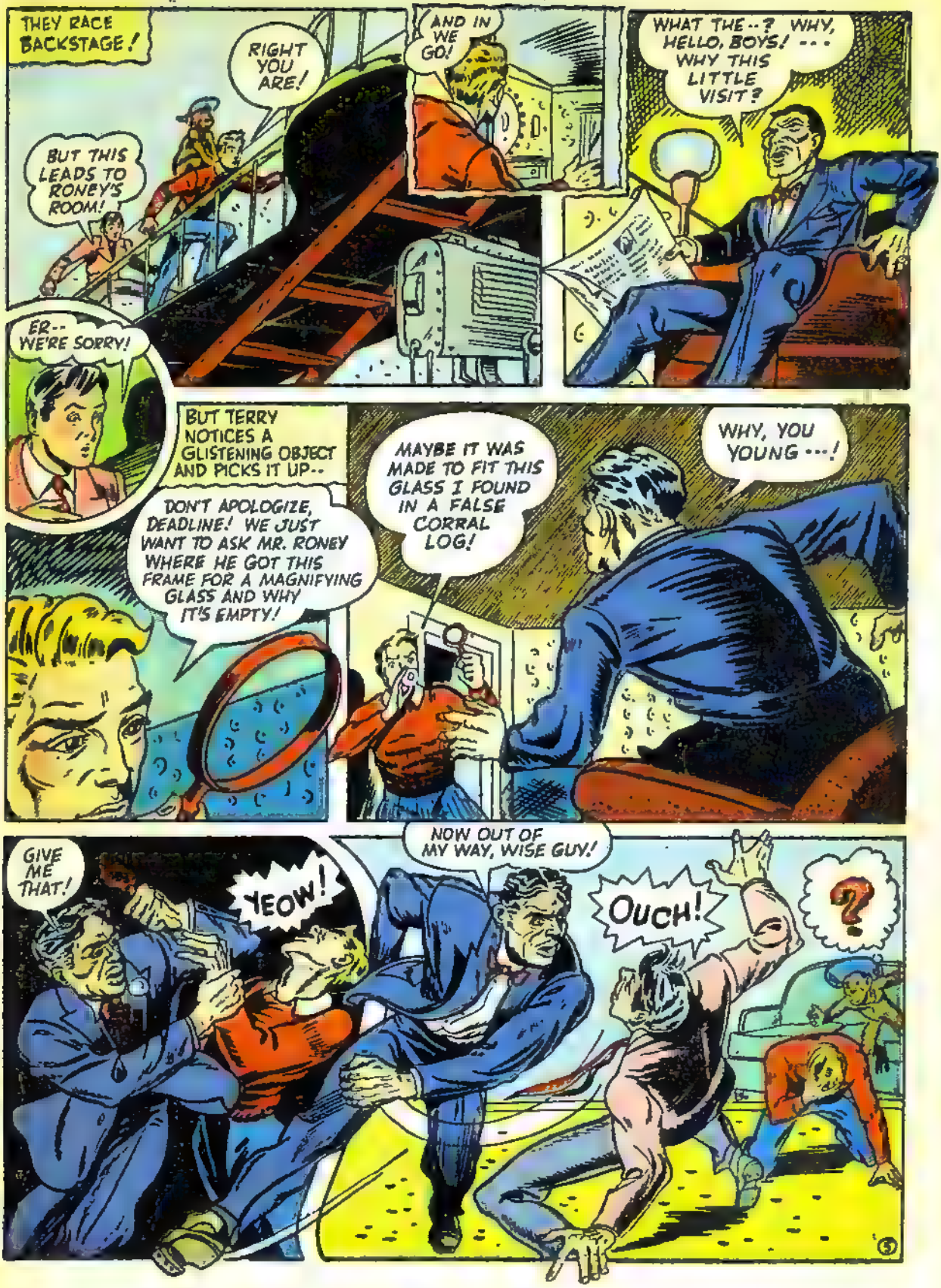
DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY NOW!
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS. 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!
DO IT NOW!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
.....
AMERICA ALWAYS!

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
THE MYSTERY OF THE MURDERED GHOST
OUT OF THE WEST COMES THE RODEO AND SUDDEN DEATH!
TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE DAWSON, AND DR. WATSON ARE VISITING THE RODEO AS GUESTS OF "TEX", THEIR COWBOY PAL.
BUT, THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET CRIME RIDING A BUCKING BRONCHO!
WHERE TO NOW, TEX?
WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE MY COLLECTION OF OLD FIRE ARMS?
WOULD WE? OH BOY! LET'S GO!

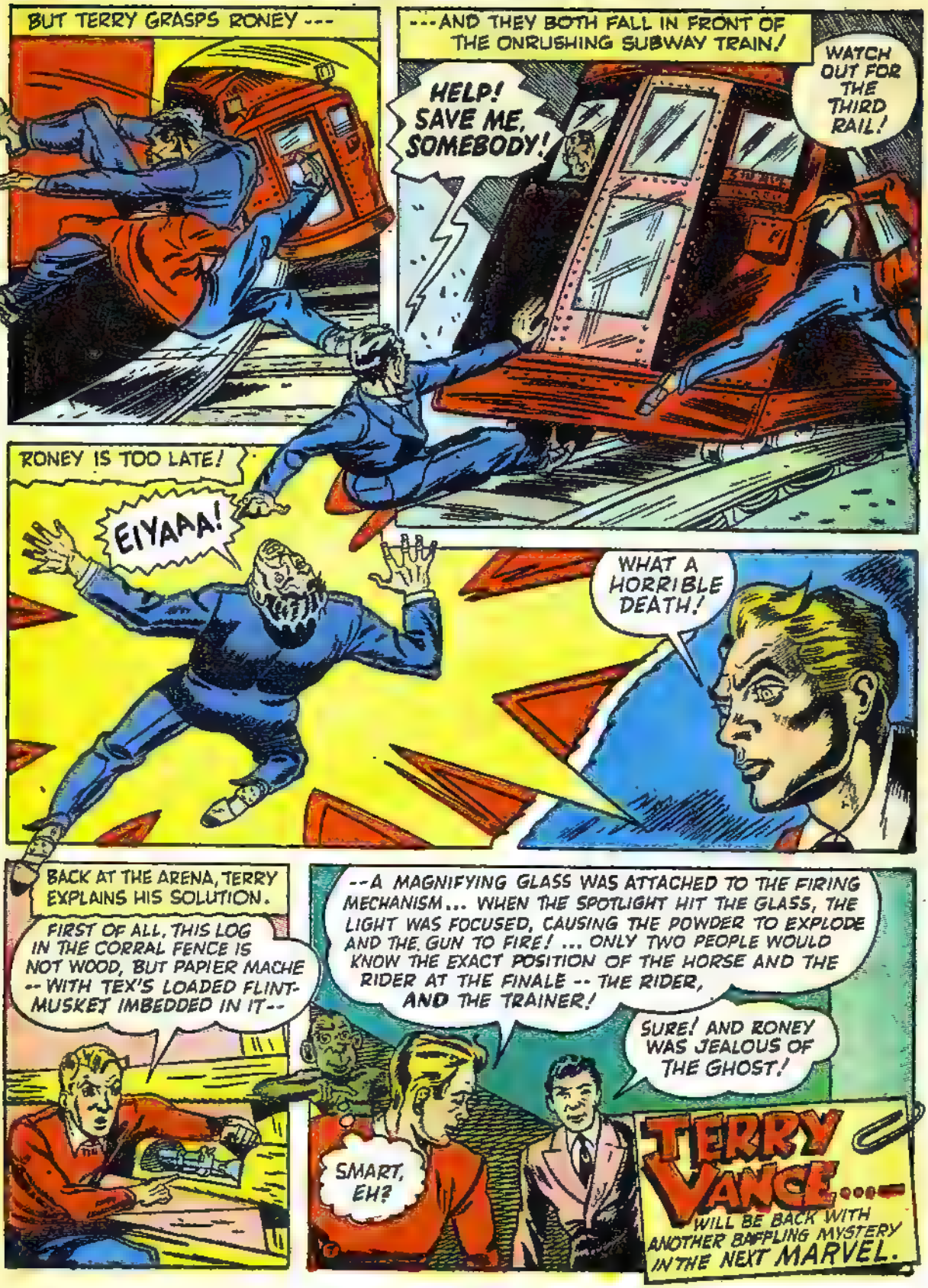
EAGERLY, THE BOYS EXAMINE THE GUNS . . .
GOSH! THIS IS A "BEAUT"!
SAY, IS THAT THE GHOST-RIDER?
YEP! THERE GOES THE STAR OF OUR SHOW!
GEE! HE'S THE MOST FAMOUS HORSEMAN IN THE WORLD!
GOSH!
SURE IS!
OH, YEAH?
IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER COW-PUNCHER!
WHO WAS THAT?
MR. RONEY -- HE TRAINS THE GHOST'S HORSE!
WHAT A CONCEITED MUG!
HE LOOKS LIKE MY UNCLE.
JUST THEN!
COME ON, FELLOWS! THE GHOST IS ABOUT TO RIDE!
THE BOYS ARRIVE IN TIME TO SEE THE END OF THE BULL-DOGGING CONTEST!
THESE ARE THE BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE!
JUST WATCHING THIS MAKES ME FEEL SORE ALL OVER.
OOF!


NOW FOR THE BIG ACT!
LOOK! THERE HE IS! THE GHOST RIDER!
HOORAY! YAY!
AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM, THERE BEGINS A SERIES OF SPECTACULAR LEAPS AND GALLOPS -- AN ALMOST SUPERHUMAN RIDE...
AMID A BATTERY OF SPOTLIGHTS...
THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER ACKNOWLEDGE THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD!
BUT--AS THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON ...
UGH!
TERRY LEAPS INTO ACTION ...
THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!
WAIT FOR ME!
AND ME!
HE'S DEAD!
WOW! WHAT A STORY!
GEE! NOW THE "GHOST" IS A REAL GHOST!
WHAT'S WRONG?
3

THE POLICE TAKE OVER...
SHOT IN THE BACK! MURDERED!
HE'S FULL OF POWDER BURNS!
HMM! ONLY A GUN FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE WOULD PRODUCE POWDER BURNS-- BUT NO ONE WAS THAT CLOSE!
SUDDENLY TEX RUSHES IN! ...
HEY! OFFICER! ONE OF MY GUNS HAS BEEN STOLEN!
IT WAS AN OLD FLINT-LOCK RIFLE!
OKAY! OKAY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT...
A MISSING RIFLE, EH? GUESS IT'S TIME TO USE MY VISOSCOPE!
EMPOWERED BY THE X-RAY VISION OF HIS VISOSCOPE, TERRY SURVEYS THE SCENE.
THAT CORRAL FENCE!
DISCOVER ANYTHING, TERRY?
YIPPEE! ACTION AT LAST!
PLENTY!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! A MAGNIFYING GLASS IMBEDDED IN THE WOOD!
FOLLOW ME!
WHERE TO?
TO THE MURDERER!
4


THEY RACE BACKSTAGE!
RIGHT YOU ARE!
AND IN WE GO!
WHAT THE--? WHY, HELLO, BOYS! --- WHY THIS LITTLE VISIT?
BUT THIS LEADS TO RONEY'S ROOM!
ER-- WE'RE SORRY!
BUT TERRY NOTICES A GLISTENING OBJECT AND PICKS IT UP--
DON'T APOLOGIZE, DEADLINE! WE JUST WANT TO ASK MR. RONEY WHERE HE GOT THIS FRAME FOR A MAGNIFYING GLASS AND WHY IT'S EMPTY!
MAYBE IT WAS MADE TO FIT THIS GLASS I FOUND IN A FALSE CORRAL LOG!
WHY, YOU YOUNG ---!
GIVE ME THAT!
YEOW!
NOW OUT OF MY WAY, WISE GUY!
OUCH!
?
5

WHILE DEADLINE LIES UNCONSCIOUS, TERRY AND DR WATSON CHASE THE FLEEING MURDERER ---
HE'S GOING THROUGH THAT EXIT!
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO FIND HIM IN THIS CROWD!
SWELL!
PSST! PSST!
DOCTOR WATSON SWINGS FROM SIGN
CHK-CHK
SO YOU'VE SPOTTED HIM, EH?
HE MUST HAVE GONE DOWN INTO THIS SUBWAY STATION!
I'LL PAY LATER!
YOU! HERE?
I'LL FIX YOU!
NOT THIS TIME!
WATCH OUT! A TRAIN IS COMING!
FINE! OVER YOU GO, YOUNG MAN!


BUT TERRY GRASPS RONEY ---
---AND THEY BOTH FALL IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING SUBWAY TRAIN!
HELP! SAVE ME, SOMEBODY!
WATCH OUT FOR THE THIRD RAIL!
RONEY IS TOO LATE!
EIYAAA!
WHAT A HORRIBLE DEATH!
BACK AT THE ARENA, TERRY EXPLAINS HIS SOLUTION.
FIRST OF ALL, THIS LOG IN THE CORRAL FENCE IS NOT WOOD, BUT PAPIER MACHE -- WITH TEX'S LOADED FLINT-MUSKET IMBEDDED IN IT--
--A MAGNIFYING GLASS WAS ATTACHED TO THE FIRING MECHANISM... WHEN THE SPOTLIGHT HIT THE GLASS, THE LIGHT WAS FOCUSED, CAUSING THE POWDER TO EXPLODE AND THE GUN TO FIRE! ... ONLY TWO PEOPLE WOULD KNOW THE EXACT POSITION OF THE HORSE AND THE RIDER AT THE FINALE -- THE RIDER, AND THE TRAINER!
SURE! AND RONEY WAS JEALOUS OF THE GHOST!
SMART, EH?
TERRY VANCE....
WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER BAFFLING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT MARVEL.

JIMMY JUPITER

IN THE LAND OF THE FUN PEOPLE

HOPING THAT *THE LAND OF NOWHERE* WILL BE ERASED FROM JIMMY'S MIND, HIS MOTHER SENDS HIM TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK.

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! ONLY FIVE CENTS! THE MOST SEN (HERE Y'ARE, KIDDO)SATIONAL RIDE IN EXISTENCE!

LER COAST

ONE, PLEASE.

5¢

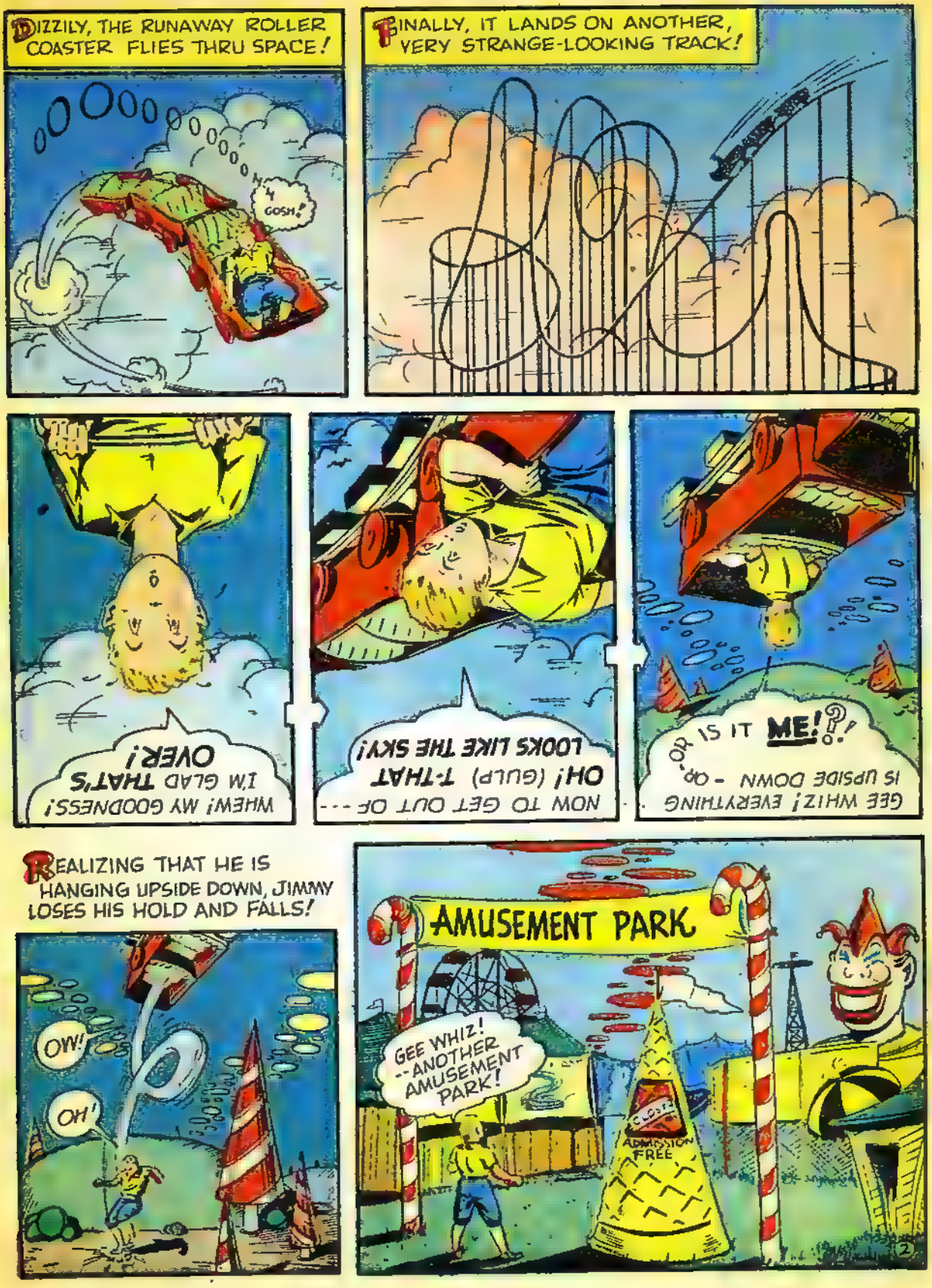
Robin

·OBOY! A CAR ALL TO MYSELF! GEE! I WISH I COULD RIDE THIS ANYWHERE!

WHEEEEEEEE

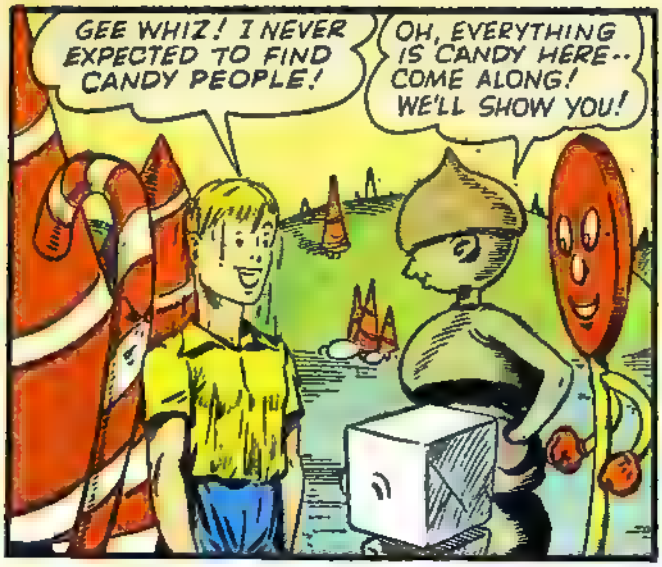
SUDDENLY THE ROLLER COASTER LEAVES THE TRACK AND FLIES THROUGH THE AIR!

HEY!


DIZZILY, THE RUNAWAY ROLLER COASTER FLIES THRU SPACE!
GOSH!
FINALLY, IT LANDS ON ANOTHER, VERY STRANGE-LOOKING TRACK!
GEE WHIZ! EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN - OR, OR IS IT ME!?!
NOW TO GET OUT OF --- OH! (GULP) T-THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SKY!
WHEW! MY GOODNESS! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!
REALIZING THAT HE IS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, JIMMY LOSES HIS HOLD AND FALLS!
OW!
OH!
AMUSEMENT PARK
GEE WHIZ! --ANOTHER AMUSEMENT PARK!
CLOSE
ADMISSION FREE
2

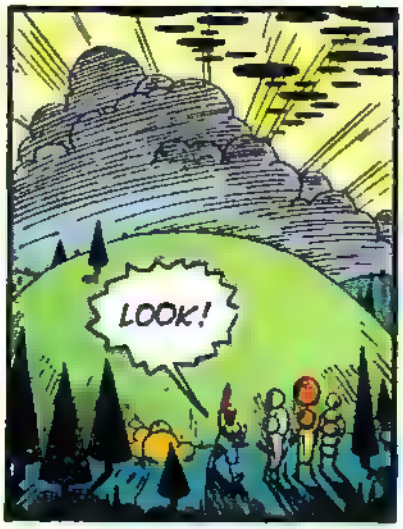
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT! HERE'S A SWELL AMUSEMENT PARK AND THERE'S NO ONE IN IT BUT ME!
FATIMA
BOSKO
SIDE-SHOW
SNAK
LOOK AT ALL THOSE STATUES STANDING AROUND - SAY! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE MADE OF CANDY!
BOY O'BOY! I WONDER IF THEY'RE GOOD TO EAT?
HEY! WADDA YA TRYNTA DO, YA BIG APE?
WH--- HUH--!
LEMME GO!
OH, MY! MY GOODNESS!
HEY, MA! HEY, MA!
SUDDENLY THE CANDY STATUES COME TO LIFE.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
IT'S AN INTERLOPER!
WE'LL FIX HIM!
HE TRIED TO EAT LITTLE LILLY POPP!
COME HERE, LILLY!
MA!
THE WHOLE CROWD OF CANDY MEN START CHASING JIMMY WITH THEIR PEA-SHOOTERS!
GET HIM, GANG!

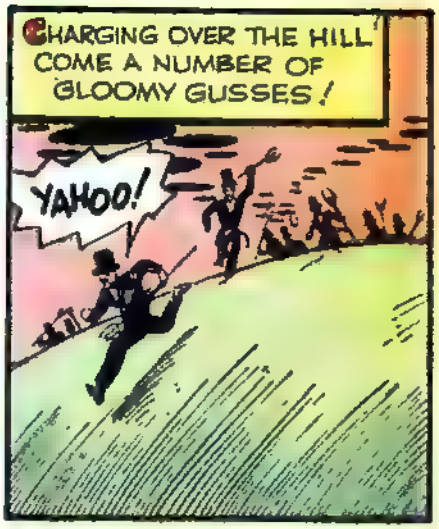
C'MON GANG!
GET HIM!
IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT POND!
OH, RATS! HE GOT AWAY!
WE CAN'T FOLLOW HIM THERE!
WHEW! BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE!
BUT THE CANDY MEN ARE NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED!
READY--AIM--FIRE!
YI!
OUCH! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! STOP SHOOTING! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
OH YEAH?
WE KNOW YOU!
YEAH, YOU'RE A SPY!
--FOR THE GLOOMY GUSSES!
I'M NO GLOOMY GUS!
YOU'RE NOT?
CERTAINLY NOT!
WELL, WELL!
MAYBE HE'S NOT!
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE, AT THAT!
O.K. C'MON OUT, SON!
4

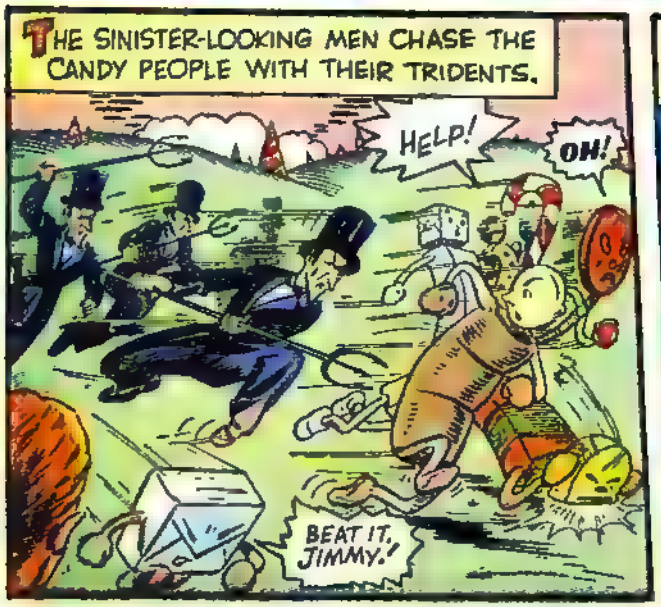

GEE WHIZ! I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND CANDY PEOPLE!
OH, EVERYTHING IS CANDY HERE-- COME ALONG! WE'LL SHOW YOU!

YOU SEE, THE TREES ARE ALL PEPPERMINT CANDY, AND THE ROCKS ARE ROCK CANDY!
THE GRASS IS SPEARMINT!
GEE!

SUDDENLY THE DAY BEGINS TO GROW VERY DARK.
WHAT'S THAT!

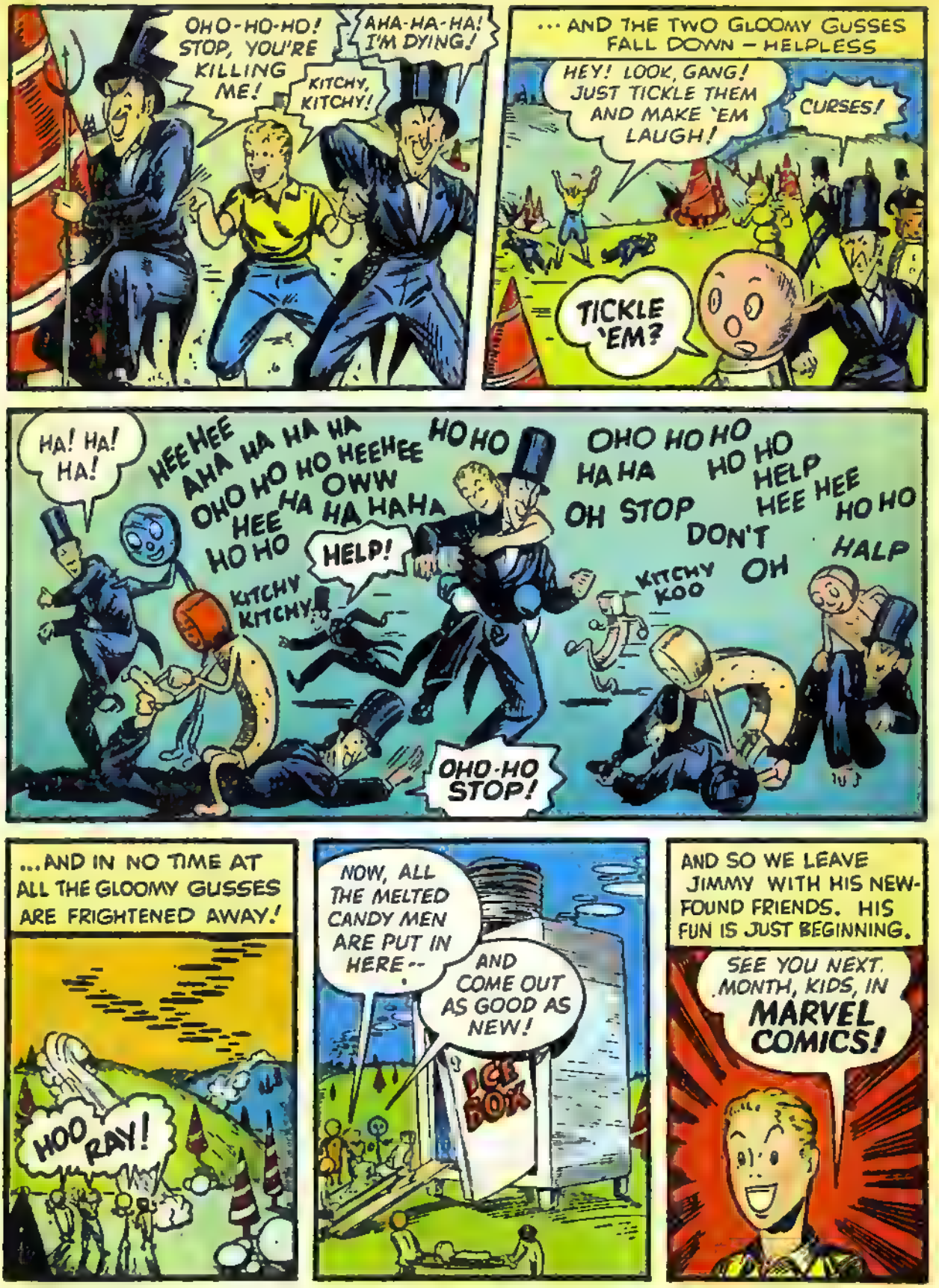

LOOK!

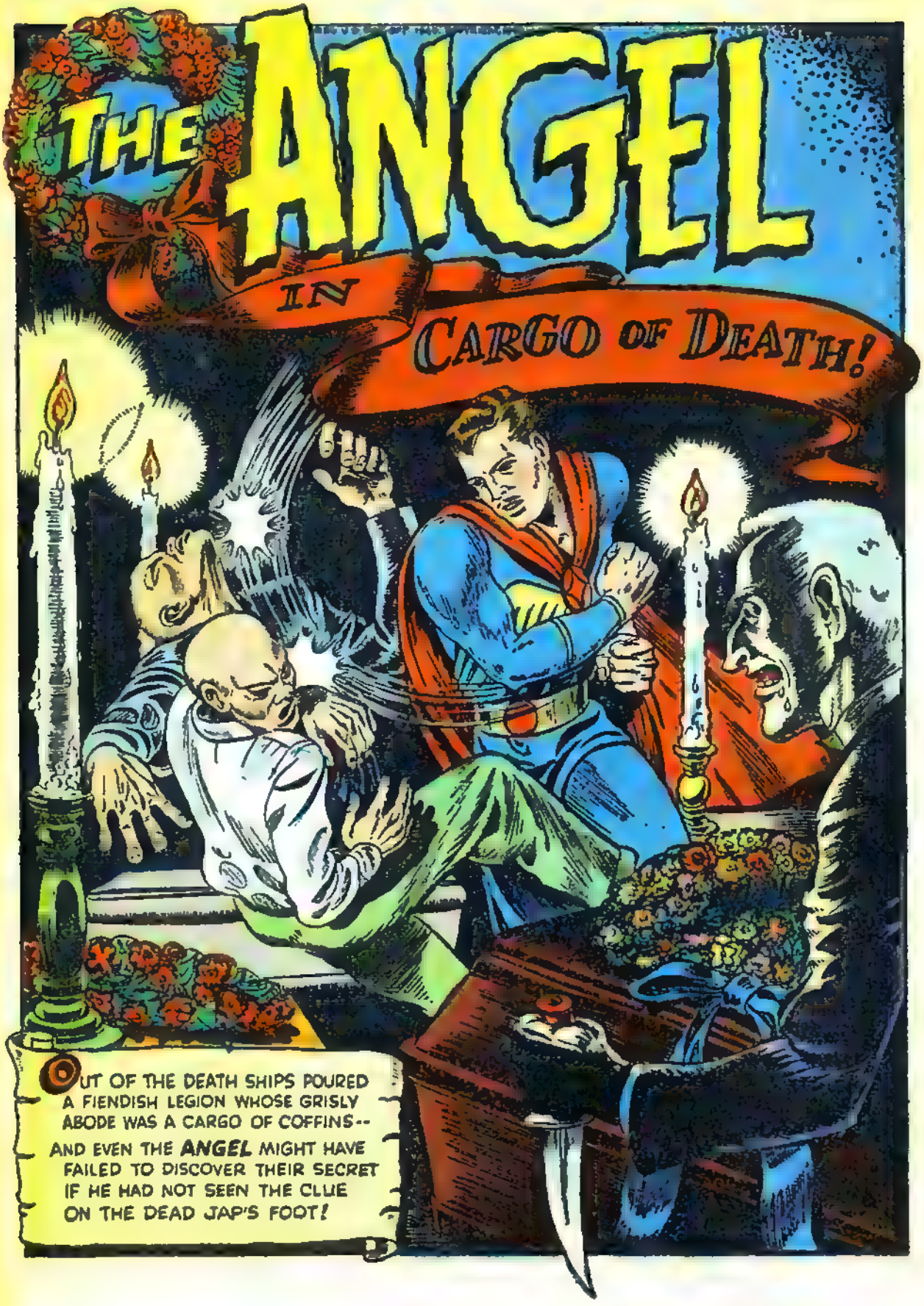

CHARGING OVER THE HILL COME A NUMBER OF GLOOMY GUSSES!
YAHOO!


THE SINISTER-LOOKING MEN CHASE THE CANDY PEOPLE WITH THEIR TRIDENTS.
HELP!
OH!
BEAT IT, JIMMY!

... AND THE ONES THAT THEY CATCH AND STAB GROW SADDER AND SADDER AND BEGIN TO MELT AWAY!
SOB
SOB
YOW!

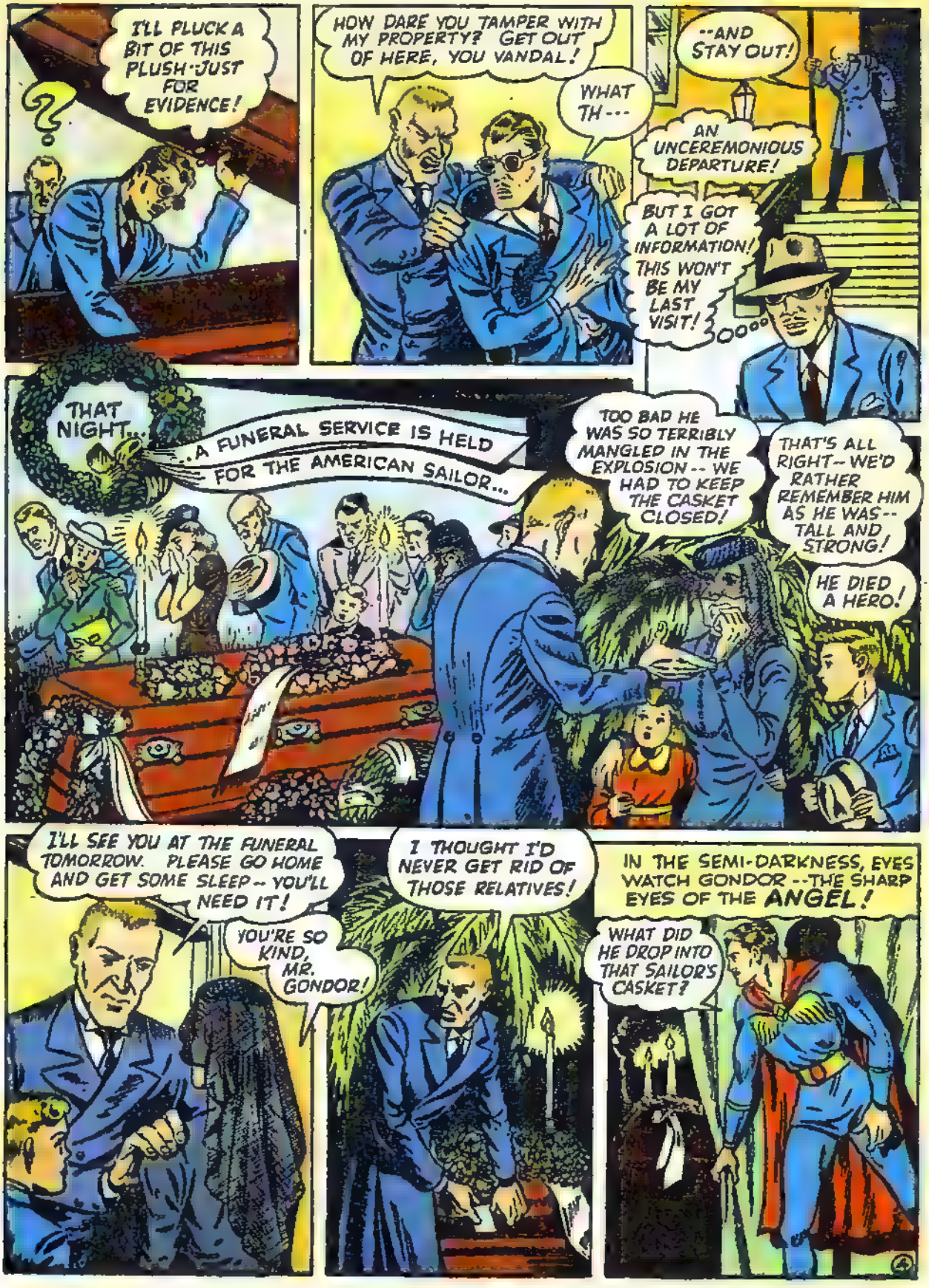
MEANWHILE, JIMMY IS BEING CHASED BY ONE OF THE CANDY MEN ...
YOW!
HA! I GOT YOU!
THE WOUND INFLICTED BY THE GLOOMY GUS MAKES JIMMY FEEL SADDER AND SADDER...
SNIFF
...AND MORE SAD...
...BUT HE DOESN'T MELT!
LOOK, GUS No. 67/8! HE WON'T MELT!
THAT'S SO, GUS No 7 6/8! HE WON'T, WILL HE?
SNIFF
SNIFF
WELL CARRY HIM HOME WITH US BECAUSE IF HE GETS GLOOMY ENOUGH WE CAN MAKE HIM GLOOMY GUS No. 99 44/100!
THAT'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
AT THAT MOMENT, JIMMY GETS AN IDEA!
OH BOY! (SOB) AM I HAPPY--(BOO HOO)--I JUST GOT A SWELL IDEA! (SOB)
6


OHO-HO-HO! STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME!
AHA-HA-HA! I'M DYING!
KITCHY, KITCHY!
... AND THE TWO GLOOMY GUSSES FALL DOWN — HELPLESS
HEY! LOOK, GANG! JUST TICKLE THEM AND MAKE 'EM LAUGH!
CURSES!
TICKLE 'EM?
HA! HA! HA!
HEE HEE AHA HA HA HA OHO HO HO HEE HEE HO HO
HEE HA HA OWW HA HA HA HA
HELP!
KITCHY KITCHY
HO HO
OHO HO HO HA HA HO HO HELP OH STOP HEE HEE DON'T HO HO HALP OH
KITCHY KOO
OHO-HO STOP!
...AND IN NO TIME AT ALL THE GLOOMY GUSSES ARE FRIGHTENED AWAY!
HOO RAY!
NOW, ALL THE MELTED CANDY MEN ARE PUT IN HERE--
AND COME OUT AS GOOD AS NEW!
ICE BOX
AND SO WE LEAVE JIMMY WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS. HIS FUN IS JUST BEGINNING.
SEE YOU NEXT MONTH, KIDS, IN MARVEL COMICS!


THE ANGEL
IN
CARGO OF DEATH!
OUT OF THE DEATH SHIPS POURED A FIENDISH LEGION WHOSE GRISLY ABODE WAS A CARGO OF COFFINS--
AND EVEN THE ANGEL MIGHT HAVE FAILED TO DISCOVER THEIR SECRET IF HE HAD NOT SEEN THE CLUE ON THE DEAD JAP'S FOOT!

AN AMERICAN ARMY PLANE ZOOMS THROUGH THE DUSK OVER THE PACIFIC.
IN THE PLANE IS THE ANGEL, NOW DEVOTING HIS TALENTS TO THE NATION'S WAR EFFORT.
LOOK, CAPTAIN! -- THAT STREAK OF FLAME!
WHY, IT'S AIMED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CLEARING WHERE OUR SUPER-BOMBER IS HIDDEN.
A PERFECT DIRECTION SIGN FOR ENEMY PLANES! HERE'S WHERE I PULL A DETOUR!
CAREFUL!
THE GASOLINE DIVERTS THE FLAME STREAK -- AWAY FROM THE HIDDEN BOMBER!
BANK HER A LITTLE MORE, CAPTAIN! THIS GASOLINE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!
AND THERE'S THE GUY WHO STARTED IT, I BET! HE'S RUNNING OUT OF THE WOOD!
LIKE A FLASH, THE ANGEL DODGES THE JAP'S HEADLONG CHARGE!
JUST AS THE ANGEL LANDS...
YOU STOP FLAME! I KILL YOU!
A JAP! I THOUGHT SO!
?
YOU ASKED FOR IT, RAT!
AIEEEEE..
2

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF...
DEAD! SAY! WHA' S THAT ON HIS SHOE? A REDDISH CLAY ---
---THE SAME CURIOUS KIND OF CLAY I SAW IN A 'FRISCO STREET EXCAVATION, THE OTHER DAY--
INTERESTING! HMMM!
BITS OF PLUSH EMBEDDED IN HIS COAT! LOOKS LIKE PLUSH FROM A FUNERAL CASKET!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THIS JAP WORKED OUT OF A PHONEY FUNERAL PARLOR NEAR THAT EXCAVATION! WE'LL SEE!
DISGUISED, THE ANGEL GOES TO SAN FRANCISCO...
GONDOR FUNERAL PARLOR
THERE'S THE CLAY-- AND HERE'S THE FUNERAL PARLOR! THE TRAIL'S HOT!
GOOD EVENING, MR. GONDOR-- I WANT TO ARRANGE A FUNERAL FOR ONE OF MY RELATIVES.
PLEASE WAIT HERE A MOMENT..
...THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR KILLED BY THE JAPS HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM MY HAWAIIAN BRANCH -- I'M PLANNING HIS FUNERAL - POOR FELLOW!
I DON'T LIKE THAT PHONEY SMILE OF HIS -- THINK I'LL TAKE A PEEP INTO HIS OFFICE CASKET!
WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A SLIGHT IMPRINT OF A MAN'S BODY IN THE PLUSH! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S BEEN IN IT -- AND GONE!


I'LL PLUCK A BIT OF THIS PLUSH--JUST FOR EVIDENCE!
HOW DARE YOU TAMPER WITH MY PROPERTY? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VANDAL!
WHAT TH---
--AND STAY OUT!
AN UNCEREMONIOUS DEPARTURE!
BUT I GOT A LOT OF INFORMATION! THIS WON'T BE MY LAST VISIT!
THAT NIGHT...
...A FUNERAL SERVICE IS HELD FOR THE AMERICAN SAILOR...
TOO BAD HE WAS SO TERRIBLY MANGLED IN THE EXPLOSION -- WE HAD TO KEEP THE CASKET CLOSED!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT-- WE'D RATHER REMEMBER HIM AS HE WAS-- TALL AND STRONG!
HE DIED A HERO!
I'LL SEE YOU AT THE FUNERAL TOMORROW. PLEASE GO HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP-- YOU'LL NEED IT!
YOU'RE SO KIND, MR. GONDOR!
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET RID OF THOSE RELATIVES!
IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, EYES WATCH GONDOR --THE SHARP EYES OF THE ANGEL!
WHAT DID HE DROP INTO THAT SAILOR'S CASKET?

AFTER GONDOR LEAVES, THE LID OF THE CASKET RISES...
A JAP! AND THAT SHEET OF PAPER IN HIS HAND LOOKS LIKE A MAP -- PROBABLY A MAP OF THE COAST -- I'D BETTER TRAIL THIS RAT!
FOLLOWING THE SUSPECT, THE ANGEL ACCIDENTALLY OVERTURNS A VASE . . .
OH-OH!
CRACK!
THE JAP WHIRLS AND WHIPS OUT A KNIFE!
AN AMERICAN! I'LL SLASH YOU TO SHREDS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THIS IS FOR PEARL HARBOR!
WOW!
HEARING A FOOTFALL, THE ANGEL TURNS, JUST IN TIME!
AH, MR. GONDOR, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR!
SUDDEN DEATH LEAPS FROM THE COFFINS IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.
WHAT TH--?
IF YOU DON'T TALK FAST, MR. GONDOR, IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
AI-YI-I-I! HELP!
5

THE JAPS, BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS, OVERWHELM THE ANGEL!
YEOW!
A VALIANT FOE ... TOO BAD HE MUST DIE!
STOP!
WE'LL BURY HIM ALIVE! WE NEED A CORPSE ANYWAY!
NOT EVERY MAN IS PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS HIS OWN BURIAL!
FUNERAL PARLOR
IF THEY EVER KNEW THAT CASKET CONTAINED A MAN!
6

AS THE FUNERAL PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TOWARD THE CEMETERY, THE "CORPSE" COMES TO LIFE!
WOW! WHAT A SPOT I'M IN! THEY'RE GOING TO PLANT ME SIX FEET UNDER -- AND I CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!
THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT--THERE MUST BE! -- OR IT'S REALLY THE END OF THE ANGEL!
FUNERAL OF A HERO...
DON'T CRY-- AT LEAST YOUR HUSBAND DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!
I'M SURE GETTING A JOLTING! THEY MUST BE TAKING ME OUT OF THE HEARSE -- IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
SLOWLY THE CASKET SINKS INTO THE GRAVE...
THAT SCRAPE-- IT MEANS I'M GOING INTO THE GRAVE! AND I CAN'T YELL -- I CAN HARDLY BREATHE--
WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA -- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS USE MY HEAD!
7

THIS IS WHAT I CALL HEADWORK!
PHUNAH!
EE-EEE! WHAT'S THAT?
M-MAYBE IT'S A GHOST!
THUMP! THUMP!
DON'T BE FOOLS! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
PROBABLY SOMETHING WORKED LOOSE IN THE COFFIN! SHOVEL THAT DIRT!
A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE...
WHOEVER IS IN THAT CASKET IS ALIVE! HE'S SENDING A CODE MESSAGE ... S.O.S. ... PULL THAT COFFIN UP!
THUMP! THUMP!
W-WHY--- IT'S THE ANGEL!
ANOTHER MINUTE DOWN THERE AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN A REAL CORPSE!
HE'S ALIVE, ALL RIGHT!
@#!☆ m☆@!

HE OFFICER QUICKLY CUTS THE ANGEL'S BONDS!
I'D BETTER GET GOING!
HEY, GONDOR-- ONE MINUTE!
YOU'LL BE FREE IN A JIFFY!
THIS IS THE LAST FUNERAL YOU ARRANGE!
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE DEAD!
IN FACT, DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
--BURY YOU ALIVE, UNLESS YOU TALK!
NOW I'LL--
OWW-W! MY FIST!
HALP! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
GUESS MY LAST PUNCH TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF YOU!
NOT THAT! NOT THAT! I--I'LL TALK!
9

I AM A NAZI SPY-- MY ORDERS WERE TO SMUGGLE JAP SABOTEURS INTO THE UNITED STATES--
--CONVOYED MERCHANT BOATS, BRINGING HOME BODIES OF AMERICANS KILLED IN HAWAII WERE BOARDED BY JAPS AT HONOLULU ---
--THEY REMOVED THE BODIES FROM THE CASKETS, TOSSED THEM INTO THE SEA--AND THEN CLIMBED INTO THE COFFINS! --
SEE THOSE CASKETS? LOCK 'EM UP-- EVERY ONE OF THEM!
WITH PLEASURE!
THOSE JAPS MUST STILL BE IN GONDOR'S MORTUARY! GIVE ME SOME GOBS AND WE'LL CLEAN THE PLACE OUT!
I'LL GIVE YOU THE NAVY IF YOU WANT IT!
WITH GONDOR BEHIND BARS, THE ANGEL LEADS A RAIDING PARTY...
EEEE! STOP!
HELP!
I GIVE UP!
WE'LL PILE THEM INTO HEARSES AND DELIVER THEM TO THE F.B.I.
ANOTHER AXIS PLOT FOILED! AND OLD GLORY STILL FLIES HIGH --
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